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Soothers

Everett Wall

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Soothers

Everett Wall

Loyola Marymount University, realeverettwall@gmail.com

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SOOTHERS

Title

A teleplay written and produced and presented to the faculty of
the Writing for the Screen MFA Program in the School of Film &
Television at Loyola Marymount University of
Los Angeles, California

In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree

Master of Fine Arts

Writing for the Screen

By

Everett Wall

Student Name

Everett

2 PDT

Student Signature

APPROVAL TO ADVANCE TO CANDIDACY

The following student has met all the criteria to advance to candidacy for an M.F.A. in Fine Arts with an emphasis in Writing for the Screen:

Everett Wall

Student Name

May 2, 2023

Date

[REDACTED]

SCWR 690 Instructor Signature

[REDACTED]

[Stacy Spruill \(May 2, 2023 14:57 PDT\)](#)

SCWR 691 Instructor Signature

[REDACTED]

Graduate Director Signature

FINAL THESIS
FEATURE SCREENPLAY PROJECT DESCRIPTION

Student Name: Everett Wall

Thesis Logline: When a meticulous chef, who can't eat anything without throwing it up, discovers the cure for his ailment in a recalled antacid from the 1970s, he solicits the help of his in-house taster to hunt down more of the tablets and in the process discovers that she was the cure all along.

SOOTHERS

Written by
Everett Wall

(425)260-6167

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FADE IN:

INT. SEATTLE - FANCY RESTAURANT - DINING HALL - NIGHT

White tablecloths. Hanging lights. Excellent atmosphere. High-society types in tuxes and gowns pack the place.

A portly man sits in the best seat in the house. The cane at his side identifies him as blind, and the little notepad on the table identifies him as a FOOD CRITIC.

A flock of anxious REPORTERS watch him. A few flashbulbs go off but he doesn't notice (of course).

The Critic's hand goes to the braille smartwatch on his wrist. He checks the time and harrumphs in frustration.

He scribbles on his notepad and snaps to summon--

--An Asian MAÎTRE D' with a heavy French accent. He taps the Critic on the shoulder.

MAÎTRE D'

Yes, sir?

He looks at the note:

FOOD CRITIC (WRITTEN)

I have been waiting for an hour and forty-five minutes.

MAÎTRE D'

I'm sorry, sir, the food will be ready in just a moment--

FOOD CRITIC (WRITTEN)

(another scribble)

Are you talking? I can smell your breath. I'm also deaf, you know.

The Maître D' turns red and rushes off to the--

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - BACK KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Maître D' bursts through the door and muscles his way through a sea of idle COOKS.

They watch as an emaciated, pale chef in all-black street clothes plates an intricate, beautiful dish.

Beef Wellington with Pomme Purée and Grilled Artichoke.

Every move of the emaciated chef is calculated and meticulous. He's hyperfocused.

This is TERRY, 27.

The only chef in the place not entranced by the show is a fat CUISINIER. He angrily kneads a ball of dough.

The Maître D' spots Terry's finished dish.

MAÎTRE D'
Dieu Merci.

He reaches for the plate, but Terry intercepts him.

TERRY
Not before my taster.

MAÎTRE D'
No time, *bon Dieu!* The Cuisinier has a tongue, let him be taster.

TERRY
I don't trust him to be my taster.

The Cuisinier fumes and strangles his ball of dough--

PÂTISSER (O.S.)
She's here, she's here!

All eyes turn as a sweaty PÂTISSER ushers a young woman through the crowd of cooks.

She wears a semi-formal skirt (still underdressed for the establishment) and walks in with urgent confidence. She's got a cute pink flower tucked behind her ear.

This is LILY, 25.

(Whenever we see Lily from now on, she'll always have that same flower in her hair...)

TERRY
I'm so sorry about this--

LILY
Where's the dish?

Terry hands her a second, smaller plate with bite-sized portions of the same meal.

She takes a bite of the mashed potato and considers...

She moves on to the wellington and tries it...

She tries some of the artichoke--

LILY (CONT'D)
Needs mint leaf.

The circle of Cooks all scoff at the suggestion.

But Terry ignores them. He sprinkles the bigger serving with a dash and thrusts it in the Cuisinier's hands.

CUISINIER
Mint? And artichoke? Absurd!

MAÎTRE D'
Imbécile! Take it and go!

The Cuisinier furrows his brow and heads for the dining room.

The Maître D' turns to Terry.

MAÎTRE D' (CONT'D)
It better be perfect.

But Terry doesn't waver. He stands tall and confident.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DINING HALL - CONTINUOUS

The Maître D' bursts through the doors and watches as--

The Cuisinier sets the plate before the deaf-blind Critic and taps him on the shoulder.

CUISINIER
Beef wellington with pomme purée
and grilled artichoke.
(ugh)
And mint.

The reporters mumble to each other. "*Did he just say mint?*"

The Critic picks up his fork and takes a hearty bite.

He mulls it over in his mouth as the entire kitchen staff watches from the tiny door window.

Terry and Lily step out to get a better look. Terry is calm, but the Maître D' is about to pass out.

The Critic takes out his notepad again and scribbles something inside.

"PERFECTION."

EXT. FANCY RESTAURANT - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

A couple of dumpsters stink up the place.

The gaggle of reporters surround the Cuisinier as he takes the back exit. He basks in the light of the camera flashes.

SHOUTING REPORTER

Your dish just earned *Abbattage du Veau Gras* it's eighth Michelin star. How did you come up with adding mint leaf to the artichoke?

CUISINIER

Simple. I am a culinary genius.

They all waltz off together.

Behind them, The Maître D' stuffs hundred dollar bills into a blue envelope as Terry and Lily watch on.

MAÎTRE D'

Huit cent, neuf cent, cinq mille!
(hands it to Terry)
God bless you, *mon frère*. Will we see you back on Tuesday?

TERRY

No thanks. I can't stand the heat.

MAÎTRE D'

Sacre bleu! The critic from "Snobby French Eats" comes on Tuesday!

The Maître D' rushes back inside, already in another frenzy.

Terry takes the wad of bills out of the envelope and splits the stack in half. He extends one pile out to Lily.

LILY

Terry, no. Not half.

Terry just holds it. He waits until she finally takes it.

TERRY

You know I couldn't do it without you. Consider it an apology for pulling you away.

LILY

It's okay, neither of us were really feeling it, anyway.
(pause)
But that does mean I'm free...

TERRY
I'm just going to turn in.

LILY
Oh. Okay. See you tomorrow, then.

Lily tries to hide her disappointment as she departs.

Terry watches her go.

A polite cough calls his attention back toward the door.

The sweaty Pâtisser holds a covered tray in his hands.

PÂTISSER
Chef Are, sir? I know this is a bit unusual, but could you try my dish?

TERRY
You just missed my taster.

PÂTISSER
But I want you to try it.

TERRY
I don't do that.

PÂTISSER
Please, sir? I am but a humble Pâtisser at an expensive french restaurant. It would mean so much to hear what you think of my work.

The Pâtisser pulls the cover off and reveals a gorgeous scoop of vanilla ice cream with chopped nuts sprinkled on top.

PÂTISSER (CONT'D)
Savory honey semifreddo with a light lemon crumb.

TERRY
(pause)
It's beautiful...

Slowly, he reaches out and grabs a spoonful. He chews it for just a moment and swallows...

--Before he springs away towards the dumpsters. He throws one of the lids open, leans inside--

--And absolutely PUKES HIS GUTS OUT!

The Pâtisser just stands there, frozen. All he can do is listen as Terry spews soggy chunks into the bin.

Once it's passed, Terry pulls his head out. He wipes his mouth and limps over to the traumatized Pâtisser.

TERRY (CONT'D)

The dish is magnificent. Add a caramel glaze.

Terry turns and hobbles away.

PÂTISSER

A caramel glaze? That's genius!

He runs back into the restaurant, giddy with excitement.

EXT. SEATTLE - CAPITOL HILL - TERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A low rise in desperate need of renovation sticks out like a sore thumb among modern architecture.

Terry lugs a sizeable medical supply store package as he plods his way up the steps and inside.

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - SAME

A cramped studio. A combination kitchen island and dining room table, a twin bed pushed to the corner.

No decorations of any kind. A thick layer of dust everywhere.

Terry walks in and sets the parcel on the edge of the table--

--The box tips over and falls to the ground with a SPLAT!

A thick red liquid explodes out of the side of the package and streaks across the floor.

Terry puzzles over the contents. *Red?*

He rips open the box and pulls out a leaky blood bag. The package is stuffed with them.

MOMENTS LATER

Terry shouts into his phone.

TERRY

You sent me blood. I didn't even know you could send blood through the mail. But I don't need blood, I need a vitamin intravenous. ASAP.

DEEP-VOICED RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
 (on phone)
 What was your name again, sir?

TERRY
 Terry Are.

DEEP-VOICED RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
 I'll need your full name--

TERRY
 A-R-E. Alpha, Romeo, Echo.

DEEP-VOICED RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
 Oh! Here it is... I'm sorry, Mr.
 Are, but I'm unable to dispatch
 delivery drivers at this time
 unless there's a medical emergency.

TERRY
 There's a medical emergency. I
 threw up earlier so I'm exhausted
 and dizzy and I need nutrients.

DEEP-VOICED RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
 These records indicate that you are
 not bedridden or infirmed. It
 sounds like you're currently using
 your mouth to speak to me right
 now. May I suggest eating?

TERRY
 I can't. I'm a cyclical vomiter.

DEEP-VOICED RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
 ...What is that?

TERRY
 Anything I try to eat I puke up
 right after. I get my nutrients
 entirely from infusion, and the
 last time I had an infusion was
 over a week ago, so I need to have
 one right now.

DEEP-VOICED RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
 (pause)
 You really can't eat anything?

TERRY
 That's what I said.

DEEP-VOICED RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
 Not even like a little bite?

TERRY

It all comes right back up.

DEEP-VOICED RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

(pause)

Have you tried Matzo Ball Soup? My gran-gran used to make it for me when I was having tummy trouble--

Terry hangs up the phone in disgust. He flops down on his bed and rubs his eyes.

His stomach gurgles. *It's angry.*

TERRY

Fine! Fine.

Terry leaps up out of bed and heads to the refrigerator. It's frozen shut from lack of use, he strains to pry it open.

It's full of bottles and bottles of SOYLENT: "ONE A DAY FOR ALL YOUR NUTRITIATORY NEEDS!" He snags one.

Terry grabs an ancient-looking can of ether and a rag by the sink. He soaks the cloth in the solution.

He sits on the bed and pauses for a moment.

With a deep breath he cracks the lid of the Soylent bottle open and chugs it as fast as possible.

As soon as he gets to the bottom of the drink, he shoves the rag in his face and takes several deep breaths...

...And just like that, he's out like a light.

He passes out cold and falls on his side onto the bed.

But the force causes two of the legs to snap. The entire thing becomes a ramp that Terry slides down--

--Right into the pool of blood on the floor.

INT. DRY CLEANERS - MORNING

Terry hands the bloody clothes to the CLEANER behind the counter. Her eyes go wide.

TERRY

Oh, don't worry, It's not my blood.

Her eyes go even wider.

EXT. SEATTLE - PIKE PLACE MARKET - MORNING

The city bustles with life. Fishmongers load the catch of the day onto ice trays as bakers open their shuttered shops.

Terry makes his way through the crowd, head down.

He turns and enters a hole-in-the-wall restaurant--

INT. FITZCARRALDO'S - CONTINUOUS

A cramped and empty greasy-spoon diner with 1990s aesthetic and design. Goofy triangles and squiggles as wall art.

A real eyesore of a neon sign, "FITZCARRALDO'S," hangs over the window separating the dining room from the kitchen.

At the counter, a disgruntled customer (who we will later learn is FITZCARRALDO) sits hunched over.

Lily stands behind the counter in a cute baby-blue car-hop waitress uniform.

The doorbell dings as Terry walks in.

FITZCARRALDO

Well, well. The chef has arrived.
Fantastic! Finally! Bravo, Brava!

TERRY

One legally distinct Grand Slam
Breakfast coming right up.

FITZCARRALDO

At least he remembers my order...

Lily grabs a pot of coffee and ambles over to Fitz.

LILY

Freshen your cup?

FITZCARRALDO

I've been waiting.

Lily pours into Fitz's mug as she watches...

Terry, through the kitchen window, throws an apron over his head. He slaps a couple of strips of bacon on the griddle--

SPLASH! Lily overfills Fitzcarraldo's cup and coffee sloshes out onto the table.

FITZCARRALDO (CONT'D)
Watch it, you klutz!

LILY
Oop! I'm so sorry!

Lily takes a cloth from her pocket and soaks up the spill.
She takes the used towel into the back kitchen and tosses it into a hamper. She replaces it with one from a nearby drawer.
She approaches Terry as he cracks a pair of eggs one-handed.
Even at this dive, he's still a meticulous master chef.

LILY (CONT'D)
I still need to pay you back.

TERRY
I said don't worry about it.

LILY
You're not going to pay me two thousand and five hundred dollars for three bites. Even *your* food isn't worth that much.

This gives him a chuckle.

LILY (CONT'D)
What are you doing tonight?

TERRY
Lily--

LILY
Come on! I eat your food all the time, why don't you try some of mine? I'm not as good as you, but I'm good. I can make anything.

TERRY
I'll just throw it up.

LILY
What if you don't throw it up? I'll put in my secret ingredient. *Love.*

Terry rolls his eyes and laughs again, despite himself.

Lily laughs too, but Terry snaps himself out of it.

TERRY
We've been over this.

LILY

Yeah, but you never know what might be the thing you keep down. I just learned how to make quiche, it might be my quiche!

TERRY

I studied how to make quiche in Alsace under Lorraine Quiche herself. I tried hers firsthand and I puked it up right after, just like everything else. I can't keep quiche by Lorraine Quiche down, so I doubt quiche by Lily Madden--

Lily pretends not to be insulted. She's not a great actor.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. That was really rude. I... I just don't want to have to see the look on your face when I throw up something you made.

LILY

It's okay. I know.

FITZCARRALDO (O.S.)

Hey! I'm still waiting for my grand slam breakfast out here! What's with all the jibber-jabber!?

Terry raises a plate to the window and dings the order bell. During the conversation, he's cooked up a masterpiece.

Two fluffy flapjacks. Four strips of perfectly crisp bacon.

Two eggs sunny side up. A heap of golden hashbrowns.

Lily swings around to the other side of the counter and drops the plate off in front of Fitzcarraldo.

She can't help but pause to admire Terry's handiwork...

FITZCARRALDO (CONT'D)

Forgetting something, toots?

Lily double takes. *Huh?*

LILY

(realizes)
The silverware!

She rushes to get a fork and knife from a side bin--

FITZCARRALDO

Forgetful and a klutz. Amazing.
You call this service? You should
be embarrassed. I wait forty
minutes for my breakfast--

TERRY

Knock it off! She shouldn't be
embarrassed, you should be. It's
not her fault you had to wait for
your breakfast, it was mine, so
leave her alone.

Lily cringes. Fitz just gives Terry the death stare.

TERRY (CONT'D)

(pause)

I'm sorry, Fitz--

FITZCARRALDO

That's Mr. Carraldo to you.

TERRY

I'm sorry, Mr. Carraldo.

FITZCARRALDO

That's strike fifteen, Are. One
more outburst and you're fired.

Fitzcarraldo takes his plate and heads into his back office.

Lily tries to give a sympathetic gaze, but Terry looks away.

The doorbell dings as an elderly couple, ALBERTA and BARNABUS
walk in. Alberta has thick wrinkles on her smile lines while
Barnabus's face is too stuck in his crossword puzzle to tell.

Barnabus sits right at a booth near the door while Alberta
walks up to Lily and digs through her purse.

LILY

Good morning, Alberta. Hi, Barney.

Barnabus just grunts, but it's a friendly grunt.

ALBERTA

Hello, sweet girl. I have something
for you. If I can just find it...

Alberta takes out kleenex and nail polish and old lotto
tickets and lozenges until she finds--

A pair of red envelopes. She hands them both to Lily.

ALBERTA (CONT'D)
 Our ninetieth birthdays are
 tomorrow, and we're having a party.
 We'd be so glad to see you. But
 don't come if you're allergic to
 cats or small children.

LILY
 Thank you, Alberta.

ALBERTA
 Oh! And how was last night's date?

Terry tries not to look at Lily.

LILY
 Not great. I had to leave early to
 take care of something and I don't
 think he liked that very much. And
 we just aren't each other's types.

ALBERTA
 What *is* your type?

Lily tries not to look at Terry.

LILY
 I don't really know.

ALBERTA
 Well, keep at it, dear. There's
 someone out there for everyone.

Terry and Lily try not to look at each other.

Alberta stuffs the stuff back in her purse and sits down in
 the booth across from her husband.

ALBERTA (CONT'D)
 The second invite is for you, chef.

TERRY
 Thank you, Alberta. You two want
 the usual?

ALBERTA
 No, it's a special occasion.
 (sly smile)
 Surprise me.

Terry's ears perk up.

SERIES OF SHOTS - EGGS BENEDICT À LA TERRY

Fluffy biscuits rise in the oven.

Canadian bacon crisps on the skillet.

Eggs poach in a simmering bath.

Yolks whisk together in a double boiler, juice from half a lemon squeezed in.

The finished product: Eggs Benedict (with Lox) over Biscuits.

Delectable.

BACK TO SCENE

Lily sets the plate down in front of Alberta before she goes to attend to two newly arrived customers.

ALBERTA

What a gorgeous dish...

She pierces through it with a fork. The yolk from the poached egg runs down and mixes with the hollandaise.

She takes a bite.

It's euphoria.

ALBERTA (CONT'D)

Barnabus, you must try this.

He doesn't look up from his crossword, he just grunts. She thrusts a bite toward him anyway.

At first, he resists, but then he catches the smell. He can't help himself.

He takes the bite and considers it for a moment.

BARNABUS

If that isn't the best-damned
breakfast I've ever had. And I'm
turning ninety tomorrow!

Terry watches them eat from the kitchen.

He spies the reject on a plate beside him. The less presentable one, but that's not saying much...

...And despite his better judgment, he grabs a fork and takes a bite of his own work.

EXT. FITZCARRALDO'S - BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Terry, head in a garbage can. The sound of puke splattering against the metal rim.

A pigeon saunters by but gives him a wide berth.

Terry takes his head out of the bin and wipes the sick from the corners of his mouth with his apron.

Alberta peeks her head out from the restaurant's back door.

ALBERTA

There you are, Terry! I just wanted to give my compliments-- Oh dear. Are you alright?

TERRY

Yes, I'm good. Sorry about that.

He tries to stand but wobbles and topples over.

ALBERTA

Oh my! Do you need help?

TERRY

No, it's okay. I just get a little dizzy after I... expel. Sorry, I don't know the polite word.

ALBERTA

Here, this always gets me feeling better in no time.

Alberta opens her purse and takes out sunglasses and lipstick and hair brushes and band-aids and--

A green antacid bottle. She shakes a tablet into her hand and extends it to Terry.

TERRY

No, it's not something that can be fixed like that. But thanks anyway.

ALBERTA

Just try one.

TERRY

I've tried it before. This is just a part of me.

ALBERTA

Try it. I think it'll help.

Terry thinks about it for a long while...

...Before he takes the thing and pops it in his mouth.

He gnashes on it as Alberta reenters the restaurant. After a moment, she comes back with a cracker.

TERRY

Interesting. Is that... cherry?

ALBERTA

I don't think so. Here, take it with a cracker.

TERRY

Thank you. Strawberry?

Terry munches on the saltine, his mind elsewhere.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I haven't tasted flavor in so long.
Is it Mango? Papaya? No...
(realizes)
Did I just eat that cracker?

ALBERTA

You did.

Terry throws his head back and groans. He repositions himself in front of the trash can and gets ready...

...But the puke never comes.

TERRY

I didn't throw up.

ALBERTA

That's the point of the antacid, dear. Glad to hear you're already feeling better. That should get you through the next twenty-four hours.

Alberta turns to go inside--

ALBERTA (CONT'D)

Oh, and-- Again, that was one of the best meals I've had in my life. And I'm turning ninety tomorrow!

Alberta leaves Terry alone in the alley. He's dumbfounded.

INT. FITZCARRALDO'S - MOMENTS LATER

Terry stares down at the leftover egg benedict with one bite's worth taken out of it.

He loads his fork again and takes a second bite.

He swallows and waits...

But again, the vomit never comes.

Terry's face contorts into a smile as he takes another bite. And then another.

Savoring the flavors, the textures. His eyes go wide.

He runs out of the kitchen and up to Lily. He grabs her by the hand.

LILY

What?

TERRY

I'm taking you out to lunch.

Confused, Lily follows Terry out the door.

Fitzcarraldo saunters out from the back office. He picks through his eggs with his sausage fingers.

FITZCARRALDO

Hey, Are! I found a hair in my--
Oh, wait, that's one of mine.

He slowly realizes that both his chef and his waitress have left him in the lurch.

MONTAGE - TERRY ON THE TOWN

1) Terry at a Mexican restaurant. He blisters his fingers as he picks up the steamy fajita peppers and onions. Lily chows down on her gringo salad, a smile on her face.

2) Terry slurps down red-hot ramen at a noodle shop. He cries from the intense spice, but he's happy as a clam. Lily hands him a glass of ice water and laughs.

3) Terry at an authentic Indian restaurant. Lily uses a plastic fork and knife, but Terry scoops up the curry and rice with his fingers. They both relish the flavors.

4) Terry throws up in an alley garbage can again! Lily pats his back as a concerned BYSTANDER approaches to help.

LILY

No, no, he's okay. He just had a slice of Chicago-style pizza.

BYSTANDER

Oh, I understand. My mistake.

The Bystander leaves Terry to his business.

5) Terry and Lily at a hot dog truck. He loads up his frank with all the fixins while Lily leaves hers plain.

Terry watches as Lily takes a hearty bite. She spots him looking at her and covers her full mouth.

TERRY

Do you still want to cook for me?

She drops her hotdog in stunned excitement.

It's her turn to grab Terry's hand. He tosses his frank to a homeless guy as Lily drags him off.

SERIES OF SHOTS - LILY'S APARTMENT - LILY FEEDS TERRY

A quiche rises in the oven.

Terry devours a serving of Brussels sprouts, a honey glaze dripped on top.

Lily stirs a pot of risotto and adds half a stick of butter.

(Where Terry is meticulous in the kitchen, Lily is slapdash, but still extremely competent.)

A sandwich toasts in a panini maker. The gooey cheese leaks out the side and sizzles on the skillet.

Terry drags a fried potato slice through a spinach dip. He brings it to his lips and chomps down.

Lily rips the stem off a portobello mushroom and stuffs the insides with a cheesy filling.

Chocolate fondue steams inside an instant pot.

Terry dips a banana on a fork inside and chows down.

Lily dips in a strawberry and leans forward to offer it.

Terry's eyes roll back in his head. He's in ecstasy.

Lily reaches out and wipes a bit of chocolate off of his lip with her thumb.

FADE OUT.

INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Terry, alone in the place, at the dining room table. He snores away, in deep sleep.

Lily's flat is bigger than Terry's. It's got a separate bedroom and bathroom and everything.

And it's more lived-in. Cool palate matching furniture, movie posters for Jane Austen adaptations tacked to the walls.

By the window, a small plant nursery. Haerella Odorata orchids, Episcia violets, all bright yellows and oranges...

And a small vase of pink Carpasicasins.

The same flower Lily always wears in her hair.

Lily walks in from the hall with a plastic clamshell of pastries and closes the door behind her.

The noise wakes Terry up.

He rubs his eyes and looks around. It takes a second for him to register where he is.

LILY

Morning, sleepyhead. I went down and got some croissants from the deli while you were out.

She takes a pastry out of the container and places it in Terry's open mouth.

Terry lets his jaw clamp shut...

...But then opens it again and spits out the croissant before even taking a bite.

It rolls down his shirt, sticky with saliva.

TERRY

Wait, wait!

Terry leaps up and bolts for the door.

LILY

Where are you going?

TERRY

It's been longer than twenty-four
hours! I need more antacids!

And just like that, he's gone.

Lily, alone, dumbfounded. *What just happened?*

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Terry flies through the sliding doors and over to the
pharmaceuticals and personal care aisle.

Other shoppers give the crazed man ample space.

He grabs an antacid bottle and rips it open to pour a few
tablets into his hand. When he doesn't like what he sees, he
dashes them on the floor and moves on to the next bottle.

A CUSTODIAN with a mop rounds the corner and spots the mess.

INTERCOM VOICE (V.O.)

Brian, clean up on aisle four,
Brian, clean up on aisle four.

BRIAN (CUSTODIAN)

I see it, I see it.
(to Terry)
Hey, buddy. What gives?

Terry growls at the man, like a wild animal.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Gotcha. Please continue.

Brian begins to mop up the stuff farthest away from Terry.
He's sure to leave some distance.

Terry gets back to his frantic quest.

Finally, he finds the identical tablet. It's from a blue
plastic bottle with "STOMACH SOOTHERS" on the side.

He pops it and grabs a nearby bag of potato chips. He tears
it open and shovels a handful into his mouth.

He waits...

...Waits...

...Nope. He rushes to the adjacent aisle.

The sound of Terry hurling all over the floor echoes throughout the grocery store.

INTERCOM VOICE (V.O.)
Brian, clean up on aisle five as well,
Brian, clean up on aisle five as well.

Some of Terry's vomit leaks out from under the fixture separating the aisles.

Brian steps out of its path and continues to clean.

INT. FITZCARRALDO'S - DAY

Lily sets down two plates of a rancid breakfast in front of a pair of new CUSTOMERS.

The customer prods a black, burnt egg with a fork.

CUSTOMER
I thought I said over easy.

Fitzcarraldo pokes his head out from the kitchen. He wields a big metal spatula.

FITZCARRALDO
You wanna come back here and make 'em, smart guy?

The Customer shakes his head no.

Lily mouths an apology, making sure Fitz can't see it.

Terry bursts through the door, manic.

TERRY
Alberta? Alberta?

Terry goes from table to table, booth to booth. The customers startle when he approaches.

Fitzcarraldo sees him and storms out of the kitchen. He grabs Terry by the collar.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Where's Alberta?

FITZCARRALDO

You leave in the middle of the breakfast rush and don't come back until lunch the next day, and then dare to show your face in here again? That's strike sixteen! One more and you're fired!

Terry finally snaps out of it.

TERRY

Sorry, Mr. Carraldo.

FITZCARRALDO

You know what this means, Are?

TERRY

Ugh... Tuber duty.

Fitz flashes a mad smile and nods.

EXT. FITZCARRALDO'S - BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Terry sits against the wall, a mountain of unpeeled potatoes at one side, and a tiny tub of peeled potatoes at the other.

He grumbles angrily to himself as he peels.

After a moment, Lily opens the back door and walks out.

LILY

I'll never understand why you let Fitz put you on tuber duty when one dish at "Abbatage du Fromage" covers two month's rent.

TERRY

I don't belong there. I belong here.

LILY

What, in the gutter?

Terry says nothing. *That, in itself, says everything.*

Lily slides down the wall to sit beside Terry on the ground.

TERRY

I don't understand why *you* stay. You've got a better sense of taste than I do, you could make it as a high class chef.

LILY

I don't want to be a chef. And I stay here because I like the people. The regulars. *My coworkers.*

TERRY

(beat)

I'm sorry about this morning.

LILY

Yeah, sorry about that.

TERRY

Why are you sorry? I ran out on you and you're the one apologizing?

LILY

Sorry.

They share a quick laugh.

LILY (CONT'D)

So, what happened?

TERRY

I was telling Alberta about my condition and she gave me an antacid that actually worked.

LILY

Seriously? That's great!

TERRY

But she only gave me one and now I can't find her. I tried to look her up but I never learned her last name. And according to the White Pages, there are around ten thousand Albertas in Seattle--

Lily holds out Alberta's red envelope.

LILY

Did you forget?

Terry grabs it and rips it open. He slides the card out.

A picture of two Toucans each holding two familiar pink Carpasicasin flowers: "WE'RE HAVING TWO BIRTHDAYS!"

Inside: "COME JOIN US FOR AN AFTERNOON OF FUN AND FOOD AND MANY CHILDREN AND PETS! 742 EVERGREEN TERRACE, FREMONT, WASHINGTON. SIGNED, ALBERTA AND BARNABUS ADDAMS."

INT. FITZCARRALDO'S - MOMENTS LATER

Terry rushes for the front door, with Lily right behind him.

Fitzcarraldo pops his head out from the kitchen window again and halts Terry in his tracks.

FITZCARRALDO

Hey! I don't see those hands peeling any potatoes! That's strike seventeen, Are! One more and--

TERRY

I quit!

FITZCARRALDO

Huh?! No need to be rash.

TERRY

I'm done. I don't need this job.

FITZCARRALDO

Sure you do! And because I know that, I'm going to graciously offer you it back.

Terry is already out the door. Lily stays behind.

FITZCARRALDO (CONT'D)

Eh, he'll be back. Go mop down table eleven, toots.

In one swift motion, Lily rips off her hat and tosses it back through the window. It smacks Fitz in the nose.

FITZCARRALDO (CONT'D)

Ow! Lily?! That's strike--

LILY

Why don't you strike a match and shove it up your ass? You'd probably explode.

Fitzcarraldo stands, stunned, as Lily runs out the door to follow Terry.

EXT. SEATTLE - PIKE PLACE MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Terry and Lily stride out into the busy pathway. Terry turns back and slows down to look at her.

TERRY

Did you just quit?

LILY

Yeah.

TERRY

You didn't have to do that.

LILY

I wanted to.

She shoots him a sly smile. He grins too.

EXT. SEATTLE - FREMONT - ALBERTA'S HOUSE - DAY

A quaint rambler in a suburb across the river from the city.

A sign on the mailbox. "THE ADDAMS'ES." A triad of balloons tied to it.

Terry and Lily march up to the front step and ring the doorbell.

After just a moment, Barnabus answers in a party hat. He barely looks up from his crossword puzzle.

BARNABUS

No solicitors.

And just like that he slams the door on them.

Terry and Lily look at each other, confused. They ring the doorbell again.

INT. ALBERTA'S HOUSE - PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

Every wall has an array of school pictures of different grandchildren. There must be dozens of them.

And every grandchild pictured is in the room, along with their corresponding parents!

(And their corresponding pets. Lapdogs, cats, a few birds.)

They all crowd around Alberta, who sits on a plastic-wrapped sofa before a massive cake with ninety candles ablaze on it.

Terry and Lily stand off to the side. The entire family has a clear and established rapport, Terry and Lily are misfits.

ALL KIDS

(waaay off-key)

Happy birthday, dear Grandma! Happy birthday to you!

Alberta smiles and tries to blow out the candles. She extinguishes only four of them.

The kids cheer anyway. Some grab at the cake.

Parents scold and try to whisk them away, but it's too late. The cake has a few handfuls taken out of it.

INT. ALBERTA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The kids run through the house like little gremlins, at the peak of their sugar rush.

In the other room, Lily dances with a little girl. She stands on Lily's feet as Lily rocks from side to side.

Alberta rummages through a cabinet as Terry looks on.

She takes out sunscreen and first aid kits and perfume and pill cases and--

--An old green bottle of Stomach Soothers antacids and hands it to Terry.

TERRY

That's why. In the store, the other one was blue.

ALBERTA

They changed the color of the bottle when they changed the recipe. And it hasn't worked the same, since.

TERRY

They changed the recipe...

He opens the lid and looks inside. Only eight tablets left.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Do you have any more bottles?

ALBERTA

That's my last one.

TERRY

I don't want to take the last of your stash.

ALBERTA

Take it. I don't need it anymore.
I've been holding on to it just in
case I ever came across someone who
needed it like I did back when.

TERRY

You had my... condition too?

ALBERTA

No, but close.

Alberta takes a seat.

ALBERTA (CONT'D)

And if you ask me, you shouldn't be
looking for more of what quells the
problem temporarily, you should be
looking for the solution.

TERRY

There is no "solution." I've been
looking for it since I was eight.
This is the closest thing to one
I've ever come across, so I need to
find more. And quick.

ALBERTA

There *is* a solution. I guarantee
it. It's like my problem. I
couldn't see that the solution was
staring me in the face. And it's
not that I couldn't see it, it was
that I actively worked against
seeing it. I didn't think I was
allowed to be on my own side.

TERRY

What do you mean?

ALBERTA

Terry, if you want to go and find
more of the antacid, that's fine.
If you *need* to go, then you should
go. But at the end of the yellow
brick road, when you finally find
the secret ingredient and realize I
was right, all you had to do was
tap your heels together, don't say
I didn't tell you.

Terry blinks.

TERRY

I don't get it.

ALBERTA

One day you'll understand.

TERRY

I'll understand? I don't think you understand. I'm tired of feeling like a monster. I need this. This secret ingredient--

Lily enters the kitchen with a half-eaten plate of cake. Her mouth is full of the stuff.

LILY

Alberta, this is delicious! It's a carrot cake, right?

ALBERTA

Zucchini, actually.

LILY

Mmm! I need your recipe.

Alberta spots Terry's eyes on the cake.

ALBERTA

Like what you see?

TERRY

It's just... I haven't had birthday cake since I was eight years old.

Gasp! Lily extends the plate to him...

He looks around. Children run around in the next room over, Alberta and Lily's attention devoted to him.

He grasps the antacid bottle in his hand.

He takes out a tablet and chews on it. He swallows it as Lily hands him the plate.

Terry takes a big forkful of cake and devours it.

His pupils dilate.

EXT. MED-CO PHARMACY - PARKING LOT - DAY

A massive superstore, about the size of two Costcos, one atop the other. The lot is deserted...

At least until Lily's red Geo Prizm pulls up. She and Terry step out.

LILY

What makes you think this store
will have the old recipe?

TERRY

Not the store. I know a guy.

Lily shoots him a puzzled look as they walk to the door.

*They don't notice as behind them, a suspicious black BMW
pulls up...*

INT. MED-CO PHARMACY - MOMENTS LATER

Pallet shelves arranged in mazelike rows and alleys, filled to the brim with pill bottles big and small.

Soft muzak pumps through the overhead speakers. Florescent lights flicker and hum.

The sliding doors ding open for Terry and Lily as they survey their surroundings.

An echoed gasp from far across the warehouse.

Squeaky shoes pound on concrete. Closer and closer--

Nervous, Lily scoots next to Terry.

Until seven-foot-tall GIANT STEVIE, in a blue-collared Med-Co shirt rounds the corner.

GIANT STEVIE

(fast, out of breath)

WELCOME TO MED-CO! WE'RE HAVING A
TWO-FOR-ONE SPECIAL ON ADDERALL!

Lily yelps at the startle and grabs onto Terry.

GIANT STEVIE (CONT'D)

(catching his breath)

Oh, shit! Terry! What's good? Who's
your friend?

TERRY

This is Lily. Lily, Giant Stevie.

Giant Stevie bends down and grabs Lily's hand. His monster paw swallows her's whole.

GIANT STEVIE

A pleasure. Would you be liking
some Adderall today, m'lady?

LILY

No thank you.

GIANT STEVIE

So, what are you guys here for?
Terry, your ether refill isn't
until next month--

TERRY

We're looking for something a
little more vintage.

Giant Stevie goes quiet. He leans down and whispers to Terry.

GIANT STEVIE

I thought I told you that this was
not for outside eyes.

TERRY

You can trust her.

GIANT STEVIE

How can I know that?

TERRY

Because I trust her. One hundred
percent.

Giant Stevie sizes Lily up. He spots the flower behind her
ear and gestures to it.

GIANT STEVIE

Carpasicasin, huh? Those things are
banned by the FDA.

LILY

So don't tell the FDA.

GIANT STEVIE

Ohohohoho, okay, okay... What do
you need?

TERRY

I'm going to need some of these.

Terry hands the green bottle up to him. He reads the label
and nods...

TERRY (CONT'D)

They went off the market in '82. I
did my research on them, but I
can't find anything--

Giant Stevie runs off!

Terry is quick to follow, leaving Lily in the lurch.

LILY

Hey, guys! Wait up!

Lily runs after Terry, but she's too slow. Terry is
surprisingly quick for a bag of bones.

He makes a left turn, a right turn, a right turn, a left--

--And soon he's out of Lily's sight. All she can hear are two
pairs of fast, faraway footsteps.

LILY (CONT'D)

Guys! Where are you?

No response. Now the place is eerily quiet.

Lily shivers in fear as she walks around the aisles and
pallets. The deeper into the store she ventures, the darker
it gets as old fluorescents flicker out...

VOICE (O.S.)

We've been watching you for some
time, now.

Lily jumps a foot in the air. She whips her head toward the
direction of the sound--

A corridor shrouded in darkness. A SHADOWMAN lurks there.
Faraway light glints off of his sunglasses (indoors?).

LILY

Jesus Christ!

SHADOWMAN (VOICE)

Maybe I didn't think this
introduction through.

LILY

You scared the crap out of me!

SHADOWMAN

I mean you no harm. Rather, I come
with a proposition.

LILY

What?

SHADOWMAN

I'm suggesting that we... assist each other.

LILY

I'm not going to trust you, I don't even know who you are!

SHADOWMAN

To you, my identity is irrelevant. All that matters is that I know who you are, Lily Madden.

LILY

How do you know my name?

SHADOWMAN

We have our ways of finding this information. It was simple enough for you, only your friend still eludes us. The man is a ghost.

LILY

Terry? A ghost?

SHADOWMAN

Ah, so his name is Terry!

Lily smacks her forehead.

LILY

What do you want with him?

SHADOWMAN

His hunt for the Stomach Soothers antacid has greater ramifications than either of you can understand.

The Shadowman kicks a metal disk the size of a tangerine across the floor. It's black and has a logo on the top: Two snakes slither up a scale that balances two beakers.

The thing skids to a stop at Lily's feet.

SHADOWMAN (CONT'D)

Plant this device on him. It will send his location to us--

LILY

Absolutely not.

She kicks the disk back to him. He kicks it to her again.

SHADOWMAN

The device is harmless. It will
send his location to us--

LILY

No! I don't trust you.

She kicks it back to him once more, but he kicks it to her a third time.

She prepares to kick it back yet again--

SHADOWMAN

We should stop kicking that. It
might damage the mechanism.

LILY

Sorry.

SHADOWMAN

Plant the device on him, and in
exchange, we will provide you with
one hundred and forty-seven
thousand, nine hundred and thirty-
six dollars over three years.

Lily is taken aback.

LILY

That's... That's the exact cost of
tuition. How did you--

TERRY (O.S.)

Lily!

Lily jumps a foot in the air, again. Behind her, Terry stands in the light.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. This place is a
maze. Come on.

Terry turns and walks off as Lily looks back to the shadowy corridor--

It's empty. The Shadowman is gone.

But the disk still sits on the floor. Lily stares at it...

...And then picks it up and shoves it in her pocket. She runs off to follow Terry.

The place really is a maze. They take a left, a right, another right, another left--

And they're back with Giant Stevie. He stands in front of a pallet labeled "EXPIRED INSULIN."

GIANT STEVIE
Where'd you go?

LILY
Got lost. Sorry.

Giant Stevie eyes her with caution...

He shoves on the column and the whole thing swings back to reveal a--

INT. MED-CO PHARMACY - SECRET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wall to wall, the place is covered in cubbies. Each space has a single item under a spotlight.

It's like a museum to recalled medicines.

Giant Stevie looks through the displays with purpose, while Terry and Lily peruse.

GIANT STEVIE
Welcome to the Hall of Recall.
Let's see, we got the erectile dysfunction medication that made people go blind, that acne cream that caused leprosy, Thalidomide...

Lily stops when she spots a box of contraceptive sponges.

LILY
Oh my God! I used to take this birth control!

GIANT STEVIE
So did my Mom!

TERRY
(reading the display)
"Recalled for causing fetal pituitary overproduction leading to adult gigantism."

GIANT STEVIE
I got webbed toes from it, too.

TERRY

"Also recalled for increasing the chance of conception."

LILY

...that explains a lot.

Terry shoots her an confused look. Lily shrinks. *Oops.*

GIANT STEVIE

Well, your stuff is out of stock.

Terry rushes over and inspects the empty display:

"STOMACH SOOTHERS EXTRA STRENGTH CHEWABLE ANTACIDS, ORIGINAL RECIPE. RECALLED IN 1997 FOR ?????"

GIANT STEVIE (CONT'D)

Somebody must've come in and bought before you got here.

LILY

Why doesn't it say why they were recalled?

GIANT STEVIE

Because the company never came out and told anyone. But to end up here? It had to be something bad.

TERRY

How can I track them down?

GIANT STEVIE

I bet...

The Giant takes out his tiny smartphone and taps away at it for a few moments.

He laughs and then shows it to Terry.

An e-commerce site with a sheep mascot: "EWE-BUY-IT!"

It's a listing for the exact item missing from the display. "STOMACH SOOTHERS EXTRA STRENGTH CHEWABLE ANTACIDS, ORIGINAL RECIPE." The same bottle Terry holds in his other hand.

Only full.

GIANT STEVIE (CONT'D)

We get flippers trying to turn a profit on our stuff all the time. Anything can go for buku bucks online if it's considered rare.

The item is listed by an account called "SUPRMASTR666.2" The profile picture is Calvin from Calvin and Hobbes peeing on the word "LIBERALS."

The bidding is set to end in two hours. The price of the listing is ninety dollars--

No, now a hundred and ten. Someone just put in another bid.

GIANT MED-CO EMPLOYEE
So, before you go, do you want to
buy any peyote? I know a guy.
(takes out a baggie with a
little cactus inside)
The guy is me.

Lily shakes her head no.

Terry stares at the screen. A fire in his eyes...

INT. THE INTERNET - EWE-BUY-IT'S BIDDING ROOM - NIGHT

Wall-to-wall white. Folding chairs lined up in deep rows with an aisle down the middle.

Each seat is occupied by a man in a suit with a mask covering his face. No eye or nose holes, nothing.

Most masks are the blank default profile picture common to social media sites. A minority are actual images, a pretty even split between elderly men's selfies, anime characters, and dead memes.

Each man has a red and white bidder's paddle in their lap, their username written on it.

The men under the masks are identical. White skin, brown hair, around five foot eleven. Same posture.

Except for one. He walks into the room and lifts his blank profile picture mask to rest it on the top of his head--

It's Terry.

AUCTION ANNOUNCER
Welcome to the bidding room,
USER3403BHGZ.

Terry finds a spot to sit and eyes his competition.

At the front, a small stage and podium. The same picture of the antacid bottle, only framed and on an easel.

SUPRMASTR666.2 stands at the dais. He's identical to the others, except with his Calvin peeing mask.

On the wall behind him, a giant display. A bid log and a timer ticking down.

The text-to-speech voice blares over speakers from above.

 AUCTION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 One minute remaining. Top bid is
 USER3403BHVG with two hundred and
 twenty dollars.

He looks around. Nobody else is moving a muscle.

He leans back and waits out the clock.

00:00:03, 00:00:02, 00:00:01--

And half the room shoots up their paddles, white side front. Terry nearly falls out of his seat.

 AUCTION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Item sold to THEGAMINGGRANDPA.
 Final price is three hundred and
 eighty dollars.

The display behind shows the bidding log: almost twenty users bid ten dollars each in less than a second.

THEGAMINGGRANDPA, an elderly man's selfie, walks up to the podium. He and SUPRMASTR666.2 shake hands.

Terry sits, nonplussed.

Some users leave the room and are replaced by others. Some stay in their spots.

SUPRMASTR666.2 leaves, but THEGAMINGGRANDPA stays. He takes the other's place at the podium.

 AUCTION ANNOUNCER
 New item. "Stomach Soothers Extra
 Strength Chewable Antacids,
 Original Recipe." Rapid auction to
 conclude in five minutes. Bidding
 begins at four hundred dollars.

Terry sits up again. *Another flipper!*

A few users put their bids in. The price raises to four hundred and forty.

Terry smiles again.

SERIES OF SHOTS - WAITING ON THE CLOCK

The timer ticks down from 00:04:48.

Terry's eyes shift all around the room.

THEGAMINGGRANDPA's stone-faced profile picture at the podium.

The timer ticks down from 00:01:14.

The faceless crowd sits in silence.

Terry grips his paddle tight.

BACK TO SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

The timer ticks down...

00:00:03, 00:00:02, 00:00:01--

Terry thrusts his paddle high. He and a dozen other users.

AUCTION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Item sold to PICOEXXY. Final price
is six hundred and twenty dollars.

Terry looks to the bidding history. He didn't even crack the final ten bids.

He hangs his head in defeat.

PICOEXXY, an anime... dog? deer? with a pink top hat? takes the podium and does the same swap with THEGAMINGGRANDPA.

AUCTION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
New item. "Stomach Soothers Extra
Strength Chewable Antacids,
Original Recipe." Rapid auction to
conclude in five minutes. Bidding
begins at seven hundred dollars.

A few suits get up and walk out when they hear this.

Terry's about to walk out too, but...

He holds up his paddle with the red side facing out.

AUCTION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Custom bid from USER3403BHZG.

TERRY
Eight hundred and fifty.

Everyone in the room turns to look at Terry. They're all behind masks, but you can feel the glare.

Half the room stands up and departs. A dozen remain.

Terry smiles and holds up the red side again.

AUCTION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Custom bid from USER3403BHZG.

TERRY
A thousand.

Even more leave. Only five left, Terry being one.

Red paddle.

AUCTION ANNOUNCER
Custom bid from USER 3403BHZG.

TERRY
Twelve hundred.

Only two left now. Terry and one other guy. He's got some Jock's tinder profile. Shirtless on a beach with a fish.

AUCTION ANNOUNCER
Custom bid--

TERRY
Fifteen.

AUCTION ANNOUNCER
--from ALPHAMELVIN. Twelve hundred
and one dollar.

Terry looks to ALPHAMELVIN.

He just stares at Terry with that obnoxious profile picture.

TERRY
I said fifteen.

AUCTION ANNOUNCER
Custom bid from ALPHAMELVIN.
Fifteen hundred and one dollar.

TERRY
Two thousand!

AUCTION ANNOUNCER
Custom bid from ALPHAMELVIN. Two
thousand and one dollar.

TERRY
Two thousand five hundred!

A pause from ALPHAMELVIN.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Come on, you bastard. I dare you to
show me two thousand five hundred
and one.

AUCTION ANNOUNCER
Custom bid from USER 3403BHZG. Two
thousand five hundred and one
dollar.

TERRY
No, I didn't mean to-- whatever.

Terry stares at the unflinching ALPHAMELVIN.

Terry sweats bullets and waits for him to make a move...

The image on the guy's mask changes from the tinder profile
picture to a spinning loading symbol.

AUCTION ANNOUNCER
Internet connection error with
ALPHAMELVIN. User ejected.

He disappears in a flash, leaving Terry alone in the sea of
chairs. It's just him and PICOEXXY.

AUCTION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Seller has elected to conclude the
auction prematurely. Item sold to
USER3403BHZG. Final price is two
thousand five hundred and one
dollar.

Terry sits for just a moment...

Then he leaps out of his chair--

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT (SAME)

Terry leaps out of his chair and pumps his fists!

TERRY
Yes! Yes!

--Only to be shushed by a portly LIBRARIAN.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 Sorry-- Sorry.

LIBRARIAN
 What part of "shush" don't you
 understand? UNICEF-looking ass...

Terry sits back down and returns to the desktop.

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Terry stands right in front of his door buzzer. He stares at it like it's a pot about to boil.

And finally, it buzzes. Terry taps the button.

TERRY
 Who is it?

MUFFLED VOICE (V.O.)
 Package for T--

And Terry's already out the door.

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR - LATER

Terry pries the elevator doors open to get to the main hall where he comes face-to-face with--

A SHEEP MASCOT? With a package.

SHEEP MASCOT (MUFFLED VOICE)
 Terry Are?

TERRY
 Yeah?

An entire camera crew pops out from behind the furry. They all wear EWE-BUY-IT merchandise.

An energetic and annoying PERSONALITY gets up in Terry's face. The camera is right there with him.

ANNOYING PERSONALITY
 Terry Are! Or should I say, User
 3403-BHZG! Your transaction was Ewe-
 Buy-It's ten trillionth sale! You
 are the ten trillionth buyer!
 Congratulations! Would you like to
 say a few words?

Terry stares down the barrel of the camera lens.

TERRY

Uh... Does this mean you'll cover
some of the cost--

ANNOYING PERSONALITY

--And here to present you with your
product is the man himself, the ten
trillionth seller, Pico-Exxy!

The Sheep Mascot hands the box to the Annoying Personality
for just a moment to take his own head off.

Underneath is a really sweaty balding gentleman.

PICOEXXY (SHEEP MASCOT)

How you doin'?

The Annoying Personality hands Pico-Exxy the box so that he
can hand it over to Terry.

He rips it open like a wild dog and nabs the antacid bottle
from inside.

His smile fades once he's got it in his hand. *So light?*

He pops the cap off and looks inside.

IT'S EMPTY.

He sticks a finger in and slides out the paper decal. It's
just a picture of a bunch of antacids to make the bottle look
full from the outside.

ANNOYING PERSONALITY

You alright there, son?

Terry starts to shake.

INSERT - SMARTPHONE SCREEN

Footage from that exact moment, but from the perspective of
one of the cameramen.

Terry erupts! He grabs Pico by his mascot's lapel and tackles
him to the ground.

The camera goes all shaky as figures try to pry Terry off the
poor man.

TERRY (O.S.)

Where are they?! I need them to
live! I need them!

PICOEXXY (O.S.)
Ow! Somebody get him off me!

INT. CATO'S ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY

Lily holds the phone and watches the scene unfold. She glances at Terry, who sits beside her.

TERRY
Apparently, you aren't allowed to
sell perishables on the website.
And I didn't read the fine print.

Lily grimaces at the violence.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Don't worry, he was alright.

LILY
No, I'm looking at you.

In the clip, the mascot is now on top of Terry. He pummels Terry with his giant foam gloves.

TERRY
Oh, yeah. Turns out I'm very
physically weak.

She gives him a sympathetic look and hands the phone back.

TERRY (CONT'D)
It was all over Facebook. My mom
found it and figured out I'm still
in Washington. She's been trying to
contact me all day.

LILY
I'd love to meet your parents.

TERRY
You absolutely would not.

Lily knows not to push it any further.

CATO (O.S.)
Order up for Lily.

Lily stands and walks to the counter. She grabs two chocolate milkshakes and heads back to the table.

Terry takes out his bottle of antacids--

And realizes that there are only seven left inside.

He pauses... And heaves a deep sigh.

LILY

What?

TERRY

I can't eat this.

LILY

You have the antacids.

TERRY

Not enough of them. I can't be wasting what little I have left on things like ice cream. I need to save it for meals that really matter. Like yours.

Lily perks up. Terry deflects.

TERRY (CONT'D)

--At least until I can find more.

Lily sits in the moment. She takes the Shadowman's disk out of her pocket and rubs it between her fingers.

TERRY (CONT'D)

What's that?

LILY

(pause)

Nothing. Just trash.

She gets up and tosses the thing into a nearby garbage can. She dusts her hands clean of it.

LILY (CONT'D)

So what's the next step? How do we find you more of this antacid?

TERRY

I don't know. I tried contacting the company to see if they'd give me the formula, but there's absolutely nothing. Their phone line is dead, my emails keep getting bumped back. The location of their headquarters isn't publicly listed. And look at this.

He takes out the new old bottle and hands it to Lily.

She inspects it and notices a little crease at the bottom corner of the label. She picks at it with her thumbnail.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Even with the label intact, this is no help. No contact list, the ingredients are just calcium carbonate and "natural flavors." Very specific-- Don't be picking at that! You'll tear it!

LILY

Sorry! Sorry.

Lily hands it back, but the back has started to peel off.

Terry licks his thumb and tries to get it to stick back on with saliva, but it won't go.

Until he realizes something...

...He tears the label off the back completely.

Lily nearly double-takes.

LILY (CONT'D)

Terry! Why?

TERRY

(reading)

"Congratulations, you winner!"

Lily looks again. Terry hands it over.

Underneath the label was a gold foil inlay with fancy red text on it.

LILY

I think you just won a sweepstakes from the early nineties.

TERRY

Ugh. Haven't I won enough contests by accident for one day?

LILY

Wait, wait--

(reading)

"Congratulations, you winner... blah blah blah-- You've won a free meet-and-greet with the CEO, President, and founder of Stomach Soothers, Dr. Graham Fulcherton.

(MORE)

LILY (CONT'D)

Come to the Stomach Soothers
factory and headquarters, located
at 123 North Bend Street, North
Bend, Washington--" That's only
like two hours away, right?

Terry's eyes go wide.

EXT./INT. I-90 - LILY'S GEO - DAY

Lily and Terry speed down the interstate. Lily taps the
steering wheel as Terry sits, stonefaced.

LILY

What's up with you? We're about to
figure out the secret ingredient,
you should be ecstatic!

TERRY

I grew up close to North Bend. This
area has a lot of bad memories.

LILY

Do your parents still live there?

Terry's silence is answer enough.

Lily reaches across to the glove compartment and pops it
open, grabbing a sleeve of blank CDs and rifling through it.

LILY (CONT'D)

I still have a lot of bad memories
too, and whenever I can't stop
ruminating, I like to listen to
this to get my mind off of it.

She sticks a CD in the player. After a second...

...It's The Muppet Movie Soundtrack. Kermit the Frog sings
Rainbow Connection and plucks at his banjo.

KERMIT (V.O.)

(singing)

*Why are there so many
Songs about rainbows...*

Terry's anxious look changes to incredulity.

LILY

It works better if you sing along.
(singing)

(MORE)

LILY (CONT'D)
*Rainbows are visions
 But only illusions
 And rainbows have nothing to hide.*

Terry smiles despite himself and rolls his eyes.

TERRY
 I'm not going to sing.

MOMENTS LATER

Terry and Lily, singing at the top of their lungs.

TERRY & LILY
*Movin' right along in search of
 good times and good news,*

LILY
With good friends you can't lose!

TERRY
This could become a h--

LILY
 Hey! Tremor Burger!

Lily swerves the car. Terry nearly flies out of his seat.

EXT. TREMOR BURGER - CONTINUOUS

A packed roadside burger joint that looks like a 1950s McDonald's with a cosmetic fault line cracking the thing open down the middle.

Lily haphazardly parks the car and leaps out and up to the outdoor counter. Terry shakily stands and follows her.

He looks up at the menu, written in marquee letters, advertising great dishes like "BUGRER" [sic] and "FRENCH FRIES" [two backward 3s].

A tween CASHIER with unfortunate acne at the window.

CASHIER
 Welcome to Tremor Burger. Can I interest you in a "Quakeshake?"

LILY
 Two, please, for here. Make 'em aftershocks. And add two "Friesmic Activities."

The Cashier nods and pushes a series of buttons on her console as Lily hands over her credit card.

TERRY

Lily--

LILY

I know, you've tried this place already. But did you know about the secret menu? They have a special milkshake at every different location. This one has the Ghost Pepper and Dark Chocolate flavor--

TERRY

Tried it. I also tried the Adelaide, Australia location's Vegemite flavor. And the short-lived Nashville, Tennessee's Hot-Dog Water flavor.

Lily can't help but laugh.

LILY

Gross!

(pause)

Is that the worst thing you've ever eaten? A hot-dog water milkshake?

TERRY

Nope. Not even close... But I don't want to talk about it.

LILY

What? You can tell me.

TERRY

I don't want to talk about it.

Lily's face falls.

LILY

You haven't... Have you eaten... people?

TERRY

What?! No! I've never eaten human flesh. Absolutely not.

LILY

Thank goodness.

TERRY

Yeah. Only placenta.

Lily's look of relief shifts to one of confusion.

CASHIER

Two quakes, two friesmics.

Thankfully, the Cashier snaps her out of it when she extends a plastic carrier out the window.

Two massive chocolate milkshakes and two paper trays with fries loaded up with grilled onion, relish, ground beef, tomato, cheese, olives, and thousand island dressing.

Lily walks over to one of the outdoor tables. Terry follows.

TERRY

And it's not that I've already tried the food. I'm supposed to be saving the antacids for more... significant meals, remember?

LILY

You're eating at my favorite fast food joint with me. This counts.

TERRY

But I--

LILY

Hey. This counts.

She smiles at him. *Warm and comforting.*

He smiles back and sits down.

He pops an antacid and gnashes on it for a second. He grabs a plastic fork and takes a big bite of the fries--

--And a sting of pain bolts its way through his mouth.

TERRY

OUCH!

Terry drops his fork and brings his hand to his jaw. Other customers startle at his yelp.

LILY

Are you alright?

TERRY

Seismic is right.

LILY

That's not supposed to happen.

Terry gingerly reaches into his mouth and taps on one of his molars. It falls out at the slightest touch.

Lily recoils as Terry inspects the tooth in his palm.

LILY (CONT'D)

And that is definitely not supposed to happen!

TERRY

It must be from that mascot punching me in the head a bunch.

LILY

With his big foam gloves?

TERRY

What else could it be?

LILY

You sure you're okay? Should we go to a doctor?

TERRY

No way. We don't have time. I've only got six antacids left.

Terry nods and takes another forkful of fries. He bites and swallows, no problem.

TERRY (CONT'D)

See? Delicious. I'm fine.

Lily watches him with caution as he takes more and more bites. But he seems to be doing fine...

EXT. STOMACH SOOTHERS FACTORY - DAY

What looks like a repurposed airplane hanger in the middle of nowhere, Washington. Moss and vines snake up the side.

Old trucks sit on concrete blocks in the massive parking lot. A pair of cop cars near the entrance.

A familiar black BMW parked in the distance...

Lily pulls up right as a college kid, a familiar JOCK (*remember ALPHAMELVIN from the auction?*), is escorted out of the building and into a cruiser by a cop.

JOCK

Hey, man, my buddy and I got separated in there. Is there any chance you saw--

WHAM! The cop slams the car door on him.

Lily and Terry step out. They watch the cop cars drive off and shrug at each other.

INT. STOMACH SOOTHERS FACTORY - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

A neat lobby with shiny marble floors. Old magazine ads for Stomach Soothers products framed on the walls.

An androgynous receptionist with a familiar deep voice (*remember the blood bag phone call?*), the SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE, sits behind the front desk and clacks away at the computer.

Behind them, a large portrait: "DR. GRAHAM FULCHERTON, FOUNDER AND CEO," the spitting image of Gregory Peck, but with a giant, *giant* beard and afro.

Terry and Lily walk through the glass double doors and approach the employee.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

Ugh, I forgot to lock the doors again. Excuse me, we're closed.

TERRY

But I'm a contest winner.

He hands over the bottle.

The Employee inspects the "golden ticket" under the label.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

And there it is! Wow. Poor Dr. Fulcherton.

TERRY

Why poor Dr. Fulcherton?

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

After the death of his son Sam, Dr. Fulcherton was without an heir to the Stomach Soothers fortune. When he planned to retire, he set up an elaborate "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory" scheme to find a replacement.

(MORE)

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Nobody came to collect, he thought it was a sign telling him to stay on. Poor man. Poor, sad, man. And old. Very old.

TERRY

Can we speak to him? We have a few questions for him about his chewable antacids.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

Oh, he's not here. He's at his island mansion in Puget Sound. You can leave now. Thank you.

They return to their computer.

TERRY

Where in the Puget Sound? How do we find him?

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

You don't.

LILY

What? What do you mean? The bottle promised a meet and greet.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

I'm guessing you didn't read the fine print.

The Employee takes out a magnifying glass and hands it over to Lily. She snags it and holds it up to the bottle.

Sure enough, there's microscopic terms and conditions.

LILY

"...contest to conclude in... 2008." Oh, crud.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

Please go. I'm very busy.

In the reflection of the mirror behind them, Terry can see the game of Tetris on their computer.

Lily scours the label...

TERRY

We aren't leaving until someone answers our questions about the antacid formula.

The Employee sighs and reaches under the desk. They pull out a "SECURITY" cap and put it on.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

Am I going to have to call the cops
twice in one day?

Terry groans and turns around for the exit.

Lily is slow to follow. She continues to squint into the magnifying glass.

LILY

Something's not right. Something--
(gasp)
NO PURCHASE NECESSARY!

Terry jumps at the start. But he has no idea what she means.

Lily does an about-face and storms back to the receptionist's desk. She thrusts the bottle and magnifying glass into Terry's hands and takes out her phone, tapping away.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

Listen, lady--

LILY

Here it is! "Promotional contests of chance that require eligible persons to purchase consideration in order to participate is to be treated as illegal gambling." Washington State Revised Code nine, chapter forty-six, section three fifty-six.

She shows them her phone screen.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

So?

LILY

I'm guessing you didn't read the fine print because someone forgot the "No Purchase Necessary" bit at the end!

She shakes the bottle in the Employee's face.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

Once again, so?

LILY

So we're going to report this to the authorities unless you honor this meet-and-greet.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

Pretty sure the statute of limitations--

LILY

Try me.

They stare each other down. Neither one flinches.

LILY (CONT'D)

Fine. We'll see what the Washington State Gambling Commission has to say about this.

Lily taps a number into her phone and raises it to her ear--

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

Alright! But Dr. Fulcherton's not here, and I don't want you bothering that sick old man at his Puget Sound residence. All I can offer is a guided facility tour.

LILY

And this guided tour includes a showcase of the facility's private offices, correct?

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

Don't push your luck, lady.

LILY

Deal.

The Employee grumbles. They take off their "SECURITY" cap and put on their "TOUR GUIDE" one.

Lily hangs the phone up and turns back to Terry with a smile.

Terry smiles too. He's impressed.

INT. STOMACH SOOTHERS FACTORY - WORK FLOOR - DAY

A long assembly line of robot arms and machines. They spin and whir away.

Vats of thick goo or fine powder pour on sheets or mix together or drip into ovens or onto centrifuges.

The Employee pilots a goofy kart through the machinery. Terry and Lily sit in the back and takes things in.

The Employee reads from cards as they drive.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

"Ninety-five percent of the facility is fully automated. Instead of drivers, we use drones. Instead of security officers, we also use drones."

The kart passes a mound of broken glass scattered on the floor from a downed rack.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

We're still waiting on drone custodian technology.

Terry turns to Lily.

TERRY

Hey, how did you know that stuff?

LILY

What stuff?

TERRY

Washington Revised Code section twelve, section fourteen?

LILY

Oh, most people know that.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

...And the other cards I'm supposed to read here are gone because I threw them out a decade ago.

TERRY

(ignoring them)
Seriously, Lily, tell me.

LILY

Eh. I studied political science at UW for a couple years. Pre-law. Dropped out because of money. And other reasons...

TERRY

You wanted to be a lawyer? I thought you wanted to be a chef.

LILY
Me? God, no.

TERRY
You've got the palate for it.

LILY
Eh. I like cooking as a hobby. But
I always wanted to be a lawyer.

TERRY
I think you'd make a great one.

LILY
Probably not.
(whispers)
They were definitely right about
the statute of limitations.

Lily gives him a wink. He cracks a smile.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE
Very glad to be leading this tour
that neither of you are paying
attention to.

They give Terry and Lily the stink eye. The pair sheepishly
avert eye contact.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE
"And here's where we make our
chewable antacids--"

Terry nearly launches out of his seat.

He surveys the process. Thick pink slime pours into a vat. A
clear liquid gets piped in and turns everything green.

TERRY
What's the difference between the
old formula and--

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE
Boy, if you think I'm going to say
anything that's not written down on
these cards...

The tram moves away from the antacids section of the factory.

Terry's eyes dart all about.

He spots a door marked: "EMPLOYEE ONLY"

And he jumps off the trolley for it.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
Hey! What part of hands and feet
inside the vehicle at all times--

LILY
Terry, wait!

And Lily leaps off right after him.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE
Alright, that's it. Security
drones, activate!

Two massive, state-of-the-art, black drones float down from
the ceiling.

Their display lights turn on, red and menacing.

They speed through the room, crash through the door and knock
it off its hinges to follow the intruders.

INT. STOMACH SOOTHERS FACTORY - BACK HALLS - CONTINUOUS

Terry and Lily storm through the place. They hear the whir of
the propeller blades and turn back.

The security drones gain on them.

Terry and Lily pick up the pace, but they're still slower
than the machines.

Up ahead, a fork in the road.

Terry goes to the right.

Lily goes to the left. *Bad communication.*

She tries to switch directions to fix it--

But the drones are already upon her. They stare her down with
their red eyes and approach like jungle cats stalking prey.

LILY
Terry!

But he's already gone.

Lily turns around and runs--

--Right into a dead end.

The drones fly up and corner her.

As they slink toward her, she notices that they both have gray buttons stuck to their bodies. The buttons have familiar logos with snakes and scales and beakers.

And just as they're about to pounce--

FZZZZZZZZT!

--They suddenly power down and fall to the floor as a loud static noise pierces Lily's ears.

After a second the sound stops. The drones stay on the ground, lifeless and dead.

SHADOWMAN (O.S.)
We've still been watching you.

Lily jumps again.

Sure enough, the same pair of sunglasses glint from a darkened corner on the opposite side of the hall.

The Shadowman's gloved hand holds a high-tech remote out in the light for just a moment before he pulls it back.

LILY
You again? How did you find us?

SHADOWMAN
I thought I just said. We've been watching you.

LILY
But I got rid of the tracking device.

SHADOWMAN
Not soon enough.

He clicks a button on his remote and it plays a recording.

LILY (V.O.)
(on recording)
"Come to the Stomach Soothers factory and headquarters, located at 123 North Bend Street, North Bend, Washington--" That's only like two hours away, right?

LILY
Crap.

SHADOWMAN

We're willing to forgive this betrayal. Your services could still be of use to us.

He slides out the same small mechanical disk again.

LILY

Absolutely not!

Lily tries to stomp on it, but it's a well-built little hunk of metal. She tries again, but nothing.

SHADOWMAN

We rebuilt it for strength.

She just kicks it back to him.

LILY

I'm not going to do it. I'm not going to sell out Terry for money to go to law school. Law school is not worth betraying a friend.

SHADOWMAN

You call the same man that abandoned you moments ago "friend?"

LILY

(pause)

He didn't mean to do it. We got mixed up.

SHADOWMAN

If you refuse to plant the device, tell us his last name. We'll pay the full one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the name.

LILY

You'd pay that just for his name?

SHADOWMAN

Just his name. Just the one word.

Lily grimaces as she considers it...

LILY

No. I won't do it.

SHADOWMAN

Interesting. In that case, we will resort to our other methods. This is goodbye, Lily. At least for now.

The Shadowman extends the gloved arm into the light once more and presses a button on the high-tech remote.

TZZZZZZZZF!

The drones rise from the ground, back to life. They glare at Lily with their angry red eyes.

INT. STOMACH SOOTHERS FACTORY - BACK OFFICES - SAME

Terry runs through the place, frantic.

Far in the distance, Lily screams. Terry doesn't turn around.

The hum of the drones gets louder and louder as they redirect their course to chase Terry.

He rushes down the corridor as it snakes to the left--

--To the right--

--To the left-- *this place is like a maze!*

He grabs at doorknobs as he passes and yanks at them to see if one, if any are open.

The drones are closing in--

--And finally, he finds an unlocked door!

INT. STOMACH SOOTHERS FACTORY - EXECUTIVE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Terry rips it open and leaps inside. He slams it closed behind him and braces for impact...

...But none comes. It's silent. No propeller sound.

Once he's sure he's safe, he takes a look around.

The room is dark and dank. Trash is piled high on the floor. Some in bags, some loose junk.

At the far end, a bald man peeks through blackout curtains to glimpse the outside world. This is FULCHERTON.

He wears empty tissue boxes as shoes...

TERRY

Excuse me? Sorry to barge in like this, but do you happen to know about the chewable antacids--

FULCHERTON
 Sam? Sam! Dear God, you're back!
 How I've missed you!

TERRY
 ...Sorry?

FULCHERTON
 They don't understand us, Sam.
 They've never understood. They've
 always thought we were mad.

He faces Terry. He's not just bald, he has alopecia. That,
 and he's missing all of his teeth.

FULCHERTON (CONT'D)
 Do I look mad to you?

Terry is frozen solid.

He looks around the room for any sort of diversion, only to
 find another picture of Dr. Graham Fulcherton, same big beard
 and fro, this time with a younger man at his side.

That's when he realizes it.

TERRY
 Dr. Fulcherton? What happened to
 your... everything?

FULCHERTON
 Don't you remember, Sam? You were
 the one that shaved me.

He looks at the portrait again. Terry and the young man could
 be brothers.

TERRY
 No, I'm not Sam. I think you've got
 me confused with your son.

FULCHERTON
 That's what I've been saying! But
 they won't listen. They laugh in my
 face and call me mad. They're mad!
 They're the ones that want to
 protect teeth! Don't they know that
 teeth bite!?

Fulcherton screams across the room and grabs onto Terry.

FULCHERTON (CONT'D)
 That's why they won't let me go
 back to the original formula.

TERRY

Wait, what!?! Who? Who won't let you go back to the original?

FULCHERTON

Them, of course! Big tooth! Big dentist! Big dental hygienist!

TERRY

Why? What's in the original that isn't in the new version?

FULCHERTON

That's right. It was your invention. Your genius that did it. It was all you, Sam.

TERRY

So just tell me what's in it!

FULCHERTON

Why, Sam... You never told me.

Terry's heart snaps in two.

BAM! The Employee, back in their "SECURITY" hat, kicks the door open.

Lily, in the custody of the two drones, is right behind them.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

I'll save you, Doctor President!

The Employee takes out a taser and fires it at Terry.

One barb hits Terry, the other hits Dr. Fulcherton. Fulcherton's grip on Terry completes the circuit, and they both get tased.

They fall to the floor in a heap. Terry blacks out.

INT. NORTH BEND - JAIL - DAY

Lily gently slaps Terry in the face to wake him. He lies on the floor of the grimy and dim holding block.

LILY

You really shouldn't be on the ground. There are too many weird-colored stains.

Terry sits up and rubs his head. He and Lily are locked in the shared cell together.

TERRY

What are we going to do now?

Lily has nothing to say.

Terry surveys the place. It's him and Lily, a few half-asleep winos, and the Jock (MELVIN) from outside the factory.

Cops shove a skinny Nerd with thick glasses (CHAD) into the cell and slam the bars shut behind him.

Melvin leaps up and gives Chad a big hug. Terry and Lily can't help but stare.

MELVIN

Chad! You're safe!

CHAD

Get off me! It's your fault we got caught, dummy!

MELVIN

How?

CHAD

You thought some dust on the floor was a spider, so you screamed and fell backward into a rack of glass beakers, alerting the drones.

MELVIN

Hey! That wasn't dust, it was a real spider!

CHAD

We were this close to getting the antacid formula, you clod!

Terry and Lily bolt over to them.

TERRY

Did you just say antacid formula?

CHAD

Perhaps. Do I know you?

LILY

No, but we saw your friend getting arrested outside the factory.

Melvin gasps and takes off his backwards baseball cap. He covers his face with it.

MELVIN

Please don't tell my Dad I was arrested.

TERRY

We don't even know your Dad.

LILY

We were arrested outside the factory too. Unlawful trespass.

TERRY

We were trying to find the antacid formula, too--

MELVIN

Wow, cool story! Well, goodbye!

Melvin grabs Chad by the arm and leads him to the other side of the cell.

CHAD

Where are you going? I think they can help us find the formula.

MELVIN

She just said they were *arrested*.

CHAD

As were we!

MELVIN

If my dad learns I've been hanging out with cut-ups like that, he'll take away my car!

CHAD

Not the Toyota Prius!

Chad shakes himself from Melvin's grip and returns to Terry and Lily. He shakes both their hands.

CHAD (CONT'D)

My name is Chad, this is my associate, Melvin.

MELVIN

Allegged associate! What's the word? Allgeded?

LILY

I'm Lily, that's Terry.

TERRY

Why are you two looking for the antacid recipe?

CHAD

We're chemistry students at the UW doing our thesis on Carbonates and hydroxides. We've conducted experiments on every antacid on the market, but apparently, the Stomach Soothers recalled formula--

MELVIN

Stop telling them that! All of this is alledeged!

A whistle calls their attention to the cell door.

A LAWYER stands there in an immaculate pantsuit. She has neck tattoos and piercings all over her face.

LAWYER

It's "alleged", and if you want to keep it that way, you'll both invoke your fifth.

A Cop rolls up and unlocks the cell door, sliding it open.

Melvin stares daggers at Chad.

MELVIN

You called my dad?!

CHAD

How else were we supposed to get out? He has a lawyer on retainer!

Melvin grabs Chad by he hand, drags him out of the pen, and rushes down the hall with him. The Lawyer follows.

Terry goes to run after them, but the Cop slams the bars shut in his face.

TERRY

I have some of the old antacids!

Chad turns, but Melvin keeps pulling on him.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Once we get out of here, if I give you one of the tablets, can you tell me what's in it? What chemicals make it different than the old one?

CHAD
Certainly!

MELVIN
We have to go, now!

TERRY
Wait, how am I going to find you?!

CHAD
I'll find you. What's your name?

TERRY
Terry Are.

CHAD
Terry R.? What's the R. stand for?

TERRY
No, Are. A-R-E.

CHAD
Airey? That doesn't start with R!

And they're around the corner and out of sight.

Terry hangs his head and shuffles back to Lily.

She just stares off into the middle distance, the same area where the trio exited.

LILY
(sotto)
Where do you think she went to law school?

TERRY
What did you say?

Lily snaps out of it.

LILY
Nothing. Now what do we do?

TERRY
We need to get out of here and track them down. Who can we get to post bail?

LILY
I don't really know anybody besides you.

TERRY
...Me either.

They share a look. Before it turns into anything more--

TERRY (CONT'D)
Alberta?

LILY
She can't drive all the way out
here, she's ninety. ...Do you know
any bail bond companies?

Terry buries his head in his hands.

TERRY
Goddamn it.

LILY
What?

Terry goes to the bars and hollers to an officer.

TERRY
I'm ready for my phone call now.

Lily just patiently takes a seat.

MOMENTS LATER

Terry, just outside the cell, on the old rotary payphone
hooked up to the wall.

He dials a few final digits and then waits.

After a few rings, someone picks up.

TERRY
Mother, it's me.

Screams from the other line. Somewhere on the border between
ecstatic and horrified.

Terry shoots an exhausted thumbs up at Lily. She returns the
gesture in kind.

INT. NORTH BEND - JAIL - NIGHT

EILEEN ARE, Terry's mother, bursts through the door and runs
to the holding cell. She wears a long and billowy poncho.

Terry's father AARON comes in behind her. He's tight-lipped and stern and wears semi-formal attire.

The guard swings the door open. Eileen pounces inside and grabs onto her son.

Lily takes a step back to avoid an arm to the face.

EILEEN

My sweet baby boy! Are you hurt?
They didn't do anything to you in
the slammer, did they? God, I hear
such stories. Just on the drive
over, we were listening to an
episode of This American Life--

AARON

Where's your friend?

Lily steps forward, sheepish.

LILY

Hello. I'm Lily. I wish we could've
met under better circumstances--

EILEEN

It's a girl?!

Lily is nonplussed. *What's that reaction?*

EILEEN (CONT'D)

It's a girl!!

Eileen leaps from Terry to Lily and latches on to her.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

My sweet baby boy has a sweet baby
girlfriend! And such a darling,
too! So cute with that flower
behind your ear! How long have you
been seeing each other? Have you
moved in already? Are you thinking
about kids yet?

LILY

Huh?

TERRY

She's just a friend, Mother.

Lily tries not to visibly react.

EILEEN

And that's what Aaron told his parents even when I was twenty-seven weeks pregnant.

AARON

Shall we exit the cell?

Oh right, they're all still in the drunk tank.

EXT. STOMACH SOOTHERS FACTORY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The factory gate, closed for the night.

Lily's car in the lot on the inside. Trapped.

On the outside, Terry, Lily, and Eileen survey the scene. Aaron stays put in his gray Chevy C/K further back.

EILEEN

Well, looks like we'll all be spending a bit more time together! Good thing I had Aaron make up the bed in your old room--

Terry takes a running start and jumps onto the gate. He tries to climb up it.

LILY

Terry. Terry, get down.

Terry can't hold on long enough to climb very high at all.

He lets go and drops to the ground.

LILY (CONT'D)

It's only for one night.

Terry lies on the ground and tries to shimmy under the opening of the gate.

LILY (CONT'D)

Terry, you're going to hurt yourself!

TERRY

No, I'm not.

EILEEN

He'll be fine, dear. He used to get in and out of the house by using the doggie door.

And sure enough, he makes it to the other side.

TERRY
Keys, please.

LILY
You are not crashing my car into
this gate.

TERRY
We need to track down those kids.
This is beyond urgent.

EILEEN
Kids? Excuse me?

LILY
The gate will be open in the
morning, we'll come back, and then
we'll find the kids.

EILEEN
You guys already have kids?!

LILY
No-- We'll explain everything over
dinner. My treat.

AARON (O.S.)
Absolutely not.

Aaron pokes his head out the rolled-down window.

AARON (CONT'D)
Our treat. You two could use a good
home-cooked meal after everything
you've been through.

Lily turns back with a smile to look at Terry, but he gives
her the death glare.

LILY
What?

TERRY
Unlock the car.

LILY
Terry, they bailed us out of jail.
You are not sleeping in the car.

TERRY
Unlock the car, Lily.

Lily tries to stare him down, but relents. She presses the fob and the car lights blink.

Terry runs to the car and gets in as Lily turns back to Eileen and Aaron.

LILY

Can I still take you guys up on that spare bedroom?

EILEEN

Absolutely! There's room for both of you.

Lily looks back to her car to see Terry approaching with the bottle of antacids in his hand.

She smiles and locks the car doors as he shimmies his way underneath the gate again.

EXT. TERRY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

A quaint Rambler sitting at the end of a cul-de-sac.

Aaron's truck pulls up and parks on the street. He, Eileen, Terry, and Lily all get out and walk up the front step.

INT. TERRY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Obnoxious tile floors, an island that sticks out too far, laminate countertops.

Every open space on the wall is filled by a picture of Terry as a child. Some framed, some stuck with tape.

The fridge door is packed with Terry's old art that looks like he made it in the third grade.

The group sits around the dining room table. Plates in the middle hold goofy casseroles and pasta dishes.

Lily, Aaron, and Eileen dig in. Terry sips his water.

He stares at a faded pink and red stain on the linoleum...

EILEEN

--And we tried everything to stop the vomiting. Monitored his diet, put him on medications, nothing helped. Even holistics. Even the extremes.

(MORE)

EILEEN (CONT'D)

Comprehensive acupuncture, blood-letting, controlled purges, but he kept going and going and spewing this awful-- and it was always this sickly grey or green, and-- Oh, try the pesto! It's my own recipe.

Gross. Lily pushes her plate away, real subtle.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

Finished so soon?

LILY

I had a big lunch.

AARON

What's your excuse, Terry? Why don't you try some?

Eileen drops her fork, it clatters on the ground. Lily's face contorts with confusion.

TERRY

I'd rather not if it's alright with you, sir.

AARON

Your mother worked hard on this for you. Try some.

Terry is a block of stone.

LILY

Terry, it's fine. You can take one, you have plenty more.

TERRY

I have five left.

EILEEN

What are you talking about?

TERRY

Nothing.

LILY

Terry found a cure.

Eileen nearly leaps out of her chair. Aaron just stares at Lily, unblinking.

EILEEN

He did?!

LILY

It's this antacid. That's why we're in town, to get more from the factory. Or to figure out the secret ingredient.

TERRY

Lily.

LILY

He takes it and he can eat like normal for twenty-four hours. Show them, Terry.

AARON

Yes. Show us.

Terry shuts his eyes for a long while.

He takes a deep breath and pulls out his antacid bottle. He shakes a tablet into his hand and pops it--

--And another sting of pain bolts its way through his mouth.

He doesn't yelp, he just brings his hand to his jaw. Everyone at the table can tell something is up.

LILY

Are you okay?

TERRY

May I be excused from the table, please, sir?

AARON

Be quick.

Terry hops out of the chair and limps off to the--

INT. TERRY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Terry locks the door behind him and goes to the sink.

He reaches into his mouth--

--CLINK! CLINK! A pair of bloody teeth fall into the basin.

He grabs one and holds it up to the light.

It's rotting from the root. Black and brown lines of cavities streak their way up the enamel.

INT. TERRY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - KITCHEN - SAME

Lily can't keep her eyes off the bathroom door. Eileen watches her with suspicion.

Aaron just shovels another mouthful of food.

AARON

Typical.

LILY

Typical? How?

AARON

He's in there puking again.

LILY

What? No. If he was, we would hear it. I've heard it from three rooms away. The antacids work, I don't know how--

EILEEN

What are your intentions with my son?

LILY

...Sorry?

EILEEN

I ask because the way I see it, you're completely wrong for each other. Terry is smart and passionate but he is also delicate. He requires care that few can give, and I don't know if you're capable. All you've done since we met is talk about yourself and I still have no idea who or what you are. What are you?

Lily is stunned speechless.

Eileen slices into her Chicken cutlet with an oversized, intimidating steak knife.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

A fine time to start keeping things close to your chest. But I see how it is. If he likes you, he likes you. I can't do anything about that. But what I can do is promise you this: If you break his heart I'll break something of yours.

Lily still can't speak.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
Nod if you understand, sweetheart.

Just then, Terry returns from the bathroom and takes a seat back at the table.

EILEEN (CONT'D)
(making up conversation)
--And when the flowers are in bloom
in the springtime it's just
beautiful, don't you agree?

Eileen waits for Lily's response. Lily nods, still shaken.

TERRY
What are you guys talking about?

AARON
Doesn't matter. Try the food.

Terry stares down at the plate of soggy Green Bean Casserole in front of him.

Terry takes a deep breath and grabs the fork.

He takes a little mouthful and chews it with care. He struggles to swallow afterward.

He doesn't puke, but everyone can tell that it takes his entire being not to.

LILY
Terry?

TERRY
I'm fine.

His eyes water. The veins in his neck and on his head bulge. He hunches over in pain.

Lily looks at Aaron, but Aaron just stares at Terry.

Terry holds it in... Holds it in...

...And it actually passes.

He takes a sip of his water and uses his napkin to blot the sweat off his forehead.

AARON
I knew it.

Eileen leaps up out of her chair and holds Terry as tight as she can. She's hopping up and down with joy.

EILEEN

Terry! You did it! My sweet baby
boy! I'm so proud of you!

Eileen kisses Terry on the forehead as Aaron tosses his napkin on the table and exits the room.

Eileen kisses Terry on his cheek, right on the sore spot where his tooth fell out.

He winces and grabs his face.

Lily double takes. As Terry cringes, she can see that he's missing a pair of back teeth.

Eileen doesn't stop kissing him.

INT. TERRY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's like fourteen-year-old Terry still lives there.

Posters of racecars tacked to the walls. A dartboard and a small plastic basketball hoop.

A messy twin bed. A sleeping bag rolled out on the floor.

Lily sits crosslegged on the mat while Terry gently pushes Eileen out the door.

EILEEN

There are more pillows in the hall
closet if you need them.

TERRY

Thank you, Mother.

EILEEN

And the window gets stuck sometimes
so holler for your father if you
need help opening it.

TERRY

That's alright, Mother. Goodnight.

Terry gets her into the hallway and shuts her out.

EILEEN (O.S.)

Remember to leave the door unlocked
in case I want to come in and check
on you guys!

Terry locks the door immediately.

EILEEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Alright, good night you two! Terry,
I'm so, so proud of you. Love you!

Terry goes to the dresser and pulls out a pair of towels.

He bunches them up on the floor and shoves them to block the crack at the bottom of the door.

LILY
What are you doing?

TERRY
She's still standing right there.
This muffles it so she can't hear.

LILY
Now I think I understand why you
didn't want me to meet them.

TERRY
People don't usually get it.

LILY
And how your Dad thinks you're
faking everything.

Terry stops. He's stunned.

LILY (CONT'D)
What?

TERRY
People don't usually get it.

LILY
You want to talk about it?

She gives the sleeping bag an inviting pat.

Terry pauses before he sits crosslegged beside her.

TERRY
Since the start, he's thought I was
faking it. For attention, I guess.
And it honestly does sound like
something my Mom would make up for
attention. She does it when they go
out to eat. It has to be vegan, GMO-
free, gluten-free.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

"I can't eat this, I can't eat that." And I guess Dad thought I was copying her? But who would ever go as far as to make themselves throw up for attention? It's misery. Every time it's misery, and it never gets easier. I used to puke myself hoarse, I used to puke up blood. And still, he would cook me the same bacon and egg breakfast and make me eat it. And I would try, but I would just throw it up again and again and again. And he would make me clean it up as punishment. As if it wasn't punishment enough.

(pause)

One time when I was really young-- Fuck. Okay... One time he made me eat my own sick off the floor.

Terry struggles not to cry. Lily is already far gone.

She grabs him and pulls him close. Still, he doesn't shed a single tear.

LILY

Terry. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

TERRY

It's fine. It's really fine.

LILY

It's not. Jesus Christ. How old were you when he did this?

TERRY

I don't know. It was early on, right when the really bad vomiting started happening. My stomach was always a little finicky, but it really got bad when I was eight. So around eight. Maybe a bit earlier.

Lily stops. She lifts his head to look at him.

LILY

This was before you started throwing up all the time?

TERRY

Yeah, why?

LILY
I don't think your thing is
physical. I think it's
psychosomatic.

TERRY
Huh?

LILY
Psychosomatic. You know. Like it's
all in your head.

TERRY
It's all in my head?

Lily realizes what she just said.

LILY
...That came out wrong.

Terry angrily stands up and separates from Lily.

TERRY
Well, you have a good night.

LILY
What? Where are you going?

TERRY
I'm leaving. I don't want to be
around another person that thinks
I'm faking it.

LILY
Terry, no, that's not what I meant--

TERRY
IT'S REAL.

LILY
I know, I know! But I'm saying it's
from trauma. It's not in your
stomach, it's in your brain.

TERRY
Great. My brain is broken. Thanks.
I'm out of here.

Terry goes for the door--

LILY
Please don't go!

TERRY

Why not?

LILY

Because I love you.

Terry stops dead in his tracks.

TERRY

What?

Lily stands and approaches him. He's frozen solid.

She leans in for the kiss--

He backs away.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Why did you do that?

LILY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

TERRY

Why did you do that?

LILY

I thought you thought of me the same way. I'm sorry.

TERRY

Why do you think of me that way?

LILY

Huh?

TERRY

Do you even know what I am? I've tried to tell you over and over again that I'm a monster.

LILY

But you're not a monster! If this is about the placenta I don't care--

TERRY

Stop! You should care! Why don't you care? I've eaten placenta! I've eaten my own vomit off the floor! I've eaten a fucking can of beans!

LILY

What?

TERRY

I ate a can of beans. That's the worst thing I've ever eaten.

LILY

Beans?

TERRY

Not the beans, the can. I ate the tin can. I saw in a cartoon or something somewhere that goats can eat tin cans, so I thought maybe it would work for me. I tried everything else already. But it just tore up my insides and I had to go to the hospital and they said once I got out that if I ever tried to eat a tin can again it would kill me so I fucking ate the first one I saw. And all it did was put me in the hospital again. I couldn't even kill myself right.

Lily reaches for him again but he squirms away.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Stop doing that!

LILY

I don't want to! I want to be with you. And if you want to be with me, that's all that matters.

TERRY

That's not true. You deserve someone real. Someone human.

LILY

Stop it! You're real. You're human.

TERRY

There are a million real, human guys out there a million times better than me that even then would be so, so lucky to have you.

LILY

(anger building)

What if we're both lucky to have found each other?

TERRY

You're not lucky. Having me in your life is a curse.

LILY

What are you talking about? If I hadn't met you I'd still be a miserable waitress at Fitzcarraldo's.

TERRY

No. No. You would be a lawyer and you would be happy.

LILY

It's not your fault I'm not a lawyer. It's my ex's fault. It's my own fault. It's the fucking contraceptive sponge's fault. And sure, I would be happy, but I'm happy now. I'm happy when I spend time with you, when I go on adventures with you. At least I was until you started behaving--

TERRY

And that's the thing. That's the pattern you'd see if this ever became a thing. You'd start out thinking you were happy and then you'd realize that you're not. You'll be more miserable with me than you think you'd be alone. So get out while you still can.

Tears stream down Lily's face.

LILY

You really think that, huh?

Terry turns and unlocks the door.

TERRY

Lock it behind me when I leave, please.

And of course, when he swings the door open, Eileen is there with a glass to her ear, eavesdropping.

EILEEN

Oh, I-- Just checking for termites!

Terry moves past her and closes the door behind him.

And just like that, he's gone. Lily is alone.

She sits in the quiet moment...

...And breaks down and cries.

EXT. TERRY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Terry shuffles down the back porch steps and off into the dark woods.

Eileen stands in the doorway, anxious.

EILEEN

Terry! Where are you going?

Aaron, in a nightshirt, gently pulls Eileen back inside.

AARON

I'll fetch him in the morning.

EILEEN

But where is he going?

AARON

That doesn't concern you.

He closes the door behind them and locks it shut.

EXT. CLE ELUM - WOODS - LATER

Terry walks through the shadowy forest with his head down.

There's a path worn into the dirt that still shows despite a new layer of grass growing on top. Terry follows it.

He hums to himself.

TERRY

*Movin' right along in search of
good times and good news,
With good friends you can't lose,
This could become a habit...*

Terry comes across a dilapidated doghouse sitting at the bottom of a ditch.

Black paint on the wood above the cut-out entrance.

It says "TERRY."

A worn and flat pillow with a body imprint sits in the middle of the cramped space.

Terry climbs in and curls into a ball. It fits the imprint almost perfectly. He's grown a little since the last time.

TERRY (CONT'D)
*...Opportunity knocks once let's
 reach out and grab it,
 Together we'll nab it,
 Hitchhike, bus, or yellow cab-it.*
 (pause)
 Cabot.

Terry's stomach growls at him.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 Shut the fuck up.

And it actually listens.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Terry, fast asleep in his doghouse.

A boot to the side panel wakes him. His father stands there.

Terry rubs his eyes and crawls out. He massages his stiff neck as he stands.

AARON
 Your mother is home fretting again.
 Worried about you and where you
 are. I hope you're happy.

TERRY
 You knew where I was. If she's so
 worried why didn't you tell her?

AARON
 If she knew this is what you go off
 and do, she would stop loving you.
 It's what happened to me.

Ouch.

AARON (CONT'D)
 Speaking of which, your
 girlfriend's gone.

Aaron turns around and heads back before Terry can process.

INT. TERRY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - TERRY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Terry swings the door open. Sure enough, empty.

But there, on the bed, sits his bottle of antacids and the
 Carpasicasin flower she always wore in her hair.

Terry walks to the flower and picks it up. He rubs the petal with his thumb and forefinger.

EXT./INT. STOMACH SOOTHERS FACTORY - PARKING LOT - AARON'S CHEVY - MORNING

The car pulls up and Terry looks out the window.

The gate is wide open and Lily's car is gone.

EILEEN

Are we supposed to meet her
somewhere?

Terry hangs his head and breathes a sigh of... *relief?*

TERRY

Can you guys drive me to Seattle?

Eileen looks at Aaron, confused. Aaron doesn't react, he just takes the car out of park and pulls away.

EXT./INT. - I-90 - AARON'S CHEVY - DAY

Aaron drives like a granny. Cars speed past them.

Terry sits in the passenger's seat and stares out the window as an episode of This American Life plays.

The car passes Tremor Burger--

--Terry spots a red Geo Prizm in the parking lot. It could be Lily's car--

--But it's out of sight quick for him to really tell.

EXT./INT. SEATTLE - CAPITOL HILL - TERRY'S APARTMENT - AARON'S CHEVY - DAY

Aaron pulls up to the front of the building and parks in the loading/unloading zone.

EILEEN

Aaron, go find a better spot to
park. It doesn't matter if there's
a meter, we'll pay.

Terry leaps out of the car and through the front door.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

Where's he going?

AARON

He's getting something for us.

EILEEN

Can't he give it to us upstairs?

Eileen tries to open her door. It's locked from the inside.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

Aaron, I can't get out. I think you have the child locks on.

AARON

It's for your own good.

EILEEN

(worried)

Aaron. Open the door.

Terry is already back. Aaron rolls down the passenger window.

Terry takes nine blue envelopes, each identical to the one he earned at the fancy French restaurant, and throws them all over to Aaron through the window.

They open up as he tosses them and hundreds fly all over the place. Instinctively, Eileen starts grabbing for bills.

TERRY

Twenty-two thousand, five hundred dollars. I'll send another twenty-five tomorrow morning. That pile plus what I've given you over the years is more than enough to cover eighteen years of medical bills. Now we're square and we never have to see each other again.

EILEEN

What?!

Aaron doesn't even count it. He sticks his hand forward for Terry to shake.

AARON

Pleasure doing business with you.

Terry doesn't shake his hand. He turns around and doesn't look back.

Aaron rolls the window up and starts to drive off.

EILEEN

Aaron, no! What are you doing?!
Stop the car! Let me see my boy!

Eileen screams and claws at the door handle. She tries kicking it open. Everything is useless.

She presses her face against the glass of the rear window.

She sobs as she watches Terry climb the stairs into his building and shut the door behind him.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DINING HALL - NIGHT

The same place from the start, and it's just as packed.

Another deaf-blind FOOD CRITIC, this one a woman, sits in the best seat in the house.

She's got tons of Reporters watching her, too, as she reads from a braille romance novel "THE BLIND AND THE RESTLESS."

The Maître D' watches from afar and bites his fingernails to the bone. He rushes off to the--

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - BACK KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Maître D' bursts through the door and muscles past a crew of idle chefs.

MAÎTRE D'

She's already on chapter four, *Pour l'amour de Dieu!* Where is the--

On the counter sits a Ribeye with Béarnaise sauce and a side of Roasted Red Potatoes and Sautéed Broccoli.

Terry stands to the side, arms crossed. The Cuisiner (now with a tan) confronts him.

CUISINIER

But doesn't it need mint or something like that?

TERRY

Nope. Send it out.

CUISINIER

Not before your taster gets here.

MAÎTRE D'

The dish has been finished this
whole time and you've let it sit?!
Send it out, âne!

The Cuisiner grabs the dish and storms out to the dining
hall. The Maître D' is right behind him.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The Cuisinier sets the plate before the deaf-blind Critic.

CUISINIER

Ribeye with Béarnaise sauce,
roasted red potatoes, and broccoli.
(pause)
And that's it.

The reporters mumble. *"Did he just say that's it?"*

The Cuisinier taps the Critic on the shoulder and she digs
in. She chews slowly and thoroughly considers it...

The Maître D' watches from next to the kitchen. Terry walks
out of the door and approaches him.

TERRY

Where's the money?

The Maître D' shushes him and won't pull his eyes away.

The Critic whistles and the Maître D' rushes over.

She scribbles on the notepad: *"ANY DESSERTS?"*

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - BACK KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The Maître D' has Terry pinned to a wall. He's screaming in
Terry's face, Terry doesn't flinch.

MAÎTRE D'

You promised satisfaction! What did
she write? A request for dessert!

TERRY

So give her some dessert, and give
me my money.

MAÎTRE D'

You don't get paid until that
little paper says "perfection," *toi
petit bâtard.*

Terry looks to the shaky little Pâtisser watching the scene unfold with all the other cooks. They make eye contact.

TERRY

Did you add the caramel?

The Pâtisser's eyes go wide.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The Pâtisser sets another plate before the deaf-blind Critic.

PÂTISSER

Savory honey semifreddo with a
lemon crumb and a caramel glaze.

The reporters, the other customers, the other chefs, the Maître D', everyone except Terry watches with bated breath.

The Pâtisser quakes with anxiety as he taps her shoulder.

The Critic picks up the spoon and takes a bite.

She lets out a little moan of delight as soon as it touches her tongue.

She takes out the notepad and scribbles away.

"PERFECTION." Underlined *three times*.

EXT. FANCY RESTAURANT - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Out by the sidewalk, the gaggle of reporters surrounds the Pâtisser. He shrinks from the light of the camera flashbulbs.

SHOUTING REPORTER

Your dish just earned *Abbattage du
Veau Gras* its ninth Michelin star.
How did you come up with adding the
caramel glaze?

He just mumbles and stutters, nearly dropping his little covered styrofoam cup.

In the alley, The Maître D' counts hundreds and stuffs them into another blue envelope as Terry watches on.

MAÎTRE D'

*...Huit cent, neuf cent, cinq
mille. Spend it well, because this
is the last time!*

TERRY

You got that right.

He hands the whole thing over to Terry and storms off.

The Pâtisser runs up to Terry, the flock of reporters gone.

PÂTISSER

I think one of those guys just
tried to take a lock of my hair!

Terry hands him half of the wad of hundreds.

PÂTISSER (CONT'D)

Really?

TERRY

It was your dish that did it.

PÂTISSER

But it was your improvement.

Terry starts to walk away.

PÂTISSER (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

TERRY

I've got a pair of college kids I
have to find.

PÂTISSER

Don't you want to know how it
tastes with the caramel?

Terry stops.

The Pâtisser approaches and takes the lid off the cup. A
single scoop of the ice cream is inside, caramel on top.

The Pâtisser hands Terry a spoon.

And despite himself, Terry takes out his bottle of antacids
and pops one. He takes a bite--

--Something is wrong. He opens his mouth--

--And grayish sandy silt falls out. He tries to catch it in
his hand, but it blows away and onto the pavement.

PÂTISSER (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

Terry is toothless. The powder he spits out is his disintegrated teeth.

INT. HOSPITAL - DENTAL WING - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Terry, strapped to a table, is wheeled in by a crew of frantic bodybuilder DENTISTS and HYGIENISTS. They each wear headlights that shine in Terry's eyes.

HYGIENIST

Patient is in critical condition.
Every tooth, gone, turned to dust.
He'll need a complete rebuild. I've never seen anything like it.

DENTIST

I've seen it. The summer of 1997.
It was an epidemic. May God have mercy on our souls if we have to face something like that again.

TERRY

(all gums)
Are you sure this is necessary?

HYGIENIST

Speech is already gone.

DENTIST

Let's get him on the operating table. Empty his pockets.

TERRY

Empty my pockets!?

DENTIST

You're going to be alright, son.

HYGIENIST

Doctor, look what I've found.

The Hygienist pulls the antacid bottle out of Terry's pocket.

DENTIST

Mother of our Lord and Savior. I haven't seen one of these since--

TERRY

Hey! I need those!

DENTIST

Don't you see!? That stuff is the reason your teeth are gone!

(MORE)

DENTIST (CONT'D)

Why do you think they recalled it
in the first place?!

The Dentist grabs the bottle and pours the four remaining
tablets onto the table with the various instruments.

TERRY

What are you doing? Put those back!

DENTIST

Set the water jet to full power.

The Hygenist twists a knob on a canister and hands over the
tiny water pick.

The Dentist sprays the tablets down as the others lift Terry
onto the operating recliner chair.

TERRY

STOP! STOP! I NEED THEM!

He struggles as hard as he can, but these dentists are
jacked. He doesn't have a chance.

He cries out, tears flowing down his eyes.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Please stop! I need them to live!

The tablets are completely dissolved in a thin layer of water
covering the lipped table.

The lead Dentist grabs the little suction hose and starts to
suck up the solution.

TERRY (CONT'D)

*Please, no! Let it take my teeth!
Let it take everything! I need it!*

But it's too late. The last remnants of the water squirts
right up into the hose. It's gone forever.

Terry lets out an excruciating wail of despair.

DENTIST

Ye Gods! Anesthetize him!

The Hygienist holds an anesthesia mask over Terry's face.

HYGIENIST

Can you count down from ten for me?

Terry screams and struggles, but it's no use.

He slowly loses consciousness...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

...And then stirs awake.

He's in the same chair, wearing different clothes, with a new team of Dentists surrounding him.

The Hygenist holds up a mirror and Terry smiles into it.

He's got a new set of teeth. Shiny silver metal chompers.

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

NEW DENTIST

Don't eat for the next two hours.

TERRY

That won't be a problem.

Terry wobbles to his feet.

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Just as he left it. The layer of dust is thicker now.

Terry walks in with another medical supply box. He sets it down on the counter and rips it open.

Nutrient IV bags. *They got it right this time.*

Terry ignores the package as he walks to the window.

A tiny potted Carpasicasin sits on the sill. Half of the blooms are shriveled and dead.

But one bright pink flower survives.

Terry takes a pair of scissors and snips it off the stem.

EXT. SEATTLE - PIKE PLACE MARKET - DAY

Almost the same scene from the start. Little has changed.

Terry walks through the crowd. Head still down.

The only difference is the flower pinned to his shirt.

Fitzcarraldo sweeps the step outside his restaurant. He glares at Terry as he approaches.

But Terry passes right by. He turns into the neighboring restaurant instead.

INT. ISHMAEL'S - CONTINUOUS

A mirror version of Fitzcarraldo's. It's eerie. Even down to the elderly couple seated in the booth near the door.

The waiter, TONY, this restaurant's Lily, takes their orders.

Bizzaro Fitz, ISHMAEL, sits at the counter.

ISHMAEL

You're late again, Are.

The chef, DAISY, leans out from the kitchen. If Tony is Lily, strangely enough Daisy is Terry.

DAISY

It's fine, Ish. He told me beforehand.

ISHMAEL

What did I tell you about usurping my authority? That's strike twenty!

Ishmael takes his breakfast and shuffles into the back room.

Tony slides by to drop off another order ticket. As he talks he exposes his adult braces.

TONY

Let's see 'em, Terry.

Terry relents and forces a smile.

TONY (CONT'D)

Nice! I told you they'd fix you up. Just needs a crisp white paint job.

DAISY

Alright, Sous. Come back here and help me with these Bennies.

Terry trudges into the kitchen.

SERIES OF SHOTS - EGGS BENEDICT À LA... DAISY!

English muffins brown in the toaster.

Canadian bacon simmers on the skillet.

Eggs poach in boiling water. Some of the yolks are cracked.

Yolks whisked together in a double boiler, juice from half a lemon squeezed in (It's obvious that Terry was responsible for this part).

And the finished product: Regular Eggs Benedict.

Nothing special, but perfectly passable.

BACK TO SCENE

Daisy sets the plates down on the window counter. Tony rushes to them and gives them a big sniff.

TONY

Mmmm. Daisy, get a whiff of this.

DAISY

How many times do I have to tell you, Tony? I can't smell anything without gagging.

Terry rolls his eyes and stifles a groan.

Tony grabs the plates and thrusts them at Daisy.

TONY

One sniff before they're gone forever. Come on.

Daisy reluctantly leans in...

DAISY

Wait, is that... Perfume?

TONY

...No? Unless you're referencing my new deodorant.

Daisy goes to whap him with her chef's towel as he takes the plates away, chuckling to himself.

DAISY

No, I definitely smell something perfumey. And I'm not gagging...

She sniffs the air again, her nose leading her to--

--The flower pinned to Terry's shirt.

She grabs him and sniffs the flower up close.

DAISY (CONT'D)
That's it! I can smell it!

TERRY
Easy! Let go of me!

Terry unpins the flower and Daisy grabs it. She shoves it in her face and takes a deep breath in, sighing.

DAISY
It's wonderful...

TONY (O.S.)
Have you two decided yet?

CHAD (O.S.)
Do you add crème fraîche to your omelettes?

MELVIN (O.S.)
And could I get hashbrowns AND homestyle potatoes?

Terry recognizes those voices. He looks over--

Sure enough, it's Chad the nerd and Alpha Melvin from the North Bend jail!

Chad spots Terry, too.

CHAD
Well, if it isn't Terry Airey! What a coincidence!

MELVIN
No shot!

Melvin leaps up from his seat and rushes to the kitchen. Chad follows after him.

MELVIN (CONT'D)
I owe you an apology, bro. I totally blew you off before. That is *not* the Kappa Kappa Omega way.

TERRY
What are you guys doing here?

CHAD
Looking for you, you ignoramus!
You're the only one with a stash of the original antacids.

Terry's heart sinks.

TERRY
They were destroyed.

Melvin and Chad look to one another in dismay.

Ishmael comes out of the back office and spots the intruders.

ISHMAEL
Hey! No customers allowed in the
back kitchen!

They just ignore him.

CHAD
There's no way to get more?

TERRY
You would've found it before me.

MELVIN
So what do we do now?

ISHMAEL
Didn't you hear me? Get the hell
out of there!

TERRY
Nothing. Give up.

MELVIN
We can't give up! We're the closest
we've ever been!

TERRY
If the closest you've ever been is
square one, you need to give up.

Chad lets out a sigh (*of relief?*) and turns to go.

CHAD
Come on, Mel. The sooner we start
on a new thesis the better.

MELVIN
It's not over! We're not leaving!

ISHMAEL
Yes you are!

Melvin turns to Terry, stoic.

MELVIN

We've worked too hard to give up now, bro. All of us. If I don't finish my thesis, it means that everyone else is right. All my life I've been hearing it from my classmates, my friends, even from my Dad. I got in so much trouble when he found out I got arrested. "You're a bad kid, Mel. You made another dumb decision." You're not smart enough, you're not good enough, whatever. But he doesn't have to be right! He doesn't!

ISHMAEL

Are, get them out of here. Now!

MELVIN

They don't have to be right. We can show them, T-bone.

Terry stops. He thinks.

ISH

Get them out now or you're fired.
This is strike four.

Terry stares at Ish. At Melvin. At Chad.

At Tony and Daisy off in the corner. Daisy marvels at the flower and offers it for Tony to smell.

They're in their own little world.

In love.

Terry rips off his apron and throws it on the ground.

Melvin lets out a cheer and pumps his fist. Ish is frozen in disgust and anger.

EXT. ISHMAEL'S - BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Terry, Melvin, and Chad all rush out the back door.

MELVIN

The gang is back together, baby!
Represent!

TERRY

So now what do we do?

CHAD

No clue. If your stash is gone,
we're at a dead end.

TERRY

Someone else has to have some.
(realizing)
Maybe Sam had a stash.

MELVIN

Who's Sam?

TERRY

Where does Fulcherton live?

MELVIN

A private island you can only get
to by boat. We've been there, we
took my Dad's cruiser. It's out on
the Pacific Ocean.

CHAD

Puget Sound. But you thought the
drones at the factory were crazy?
Nobody gets into Fulcherton's
private residence unless they're a
personal friend of the doctor.

TERRY

How about his son?

Melvin and Chad look to Terry, confused.

EXT./INT. PUGET SOUND - MELVIN'S SPEEDBOAT - DAY

The cruiser hydroplanes across the water, Melvin at the
wheel. The wind whips through his hair.

Terry and Chad hold on for dear life in the back. Their
complexions are each a bit greener now.

Up ahead, the boat approaches a tiny island with a gigantic
mansion perched on top.

EXT. FULCHERTON'S MANSION - DOCK - CONTINUOUS

A Mega-Yacht eyesore leaves just enough room at the end for
the speedboat to moor.

Melvin slides up and leaps off the boat. He ties the line to
the cleat.

Terry and Chad falter and stumble as they hit dry land.

Melvin waltzes down the pier as Terry and Chad struggle with their sea legs.

At the end of the dock, a gate and a big screen intercom, with a black surveillance camera.

It flicks on as the trio approach.

Who else but the Stomach Soothers Employee? Video-calling in from their desk at the factory.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

(on screen)

Dr. Graham Fulcherton's residence,
how may-- No, not you again!

TERRY

We can explain--

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

SECURITY!

Two drones rise out of nearby bushes. These ones are even bigger than the ones from before.

Melvin tries to hide behind Chad.

TERRY

Put me on with Dr. Fulcherton.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

You have ten seconds to vacate the premises. The home drones are authorized to use lethal force.

TERRY

FUCLHERTON!

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

Don't make me count.

The drones begin their approach.

TERRY

DAD! It's me! Sam!

And the drones stop. Their red eyes go soft.

SOOTHERS EMPLOYEE

What the hell? Secur--

The feed to the employee cuts out and is replaced with one of Fulcherton in a dark, eerie office.

FULCHERTON

(on screen)

You came back! Come in, come in!

The feed cuts out and the gates open as the drones return to their bushes.

Terry strides right through. Melvin follows with a bit more trepidation.

Chad hangs back. He inspects one of the drone bushes.

He takes a familiar gray button from his pocket. Two snakes slither up a scale that balances two beakers.

He sticks it on the drone hiding in the fern before he rushes to catch up with his friends.

INT. FULCHERTON'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - DAY

A gigantic hall with red velvet curtains on the walls and shiny chandeliers on the ceiling.

An enormous and long table with place settings for sixty.

Chad and Melvin side by side, Terry seated across from them.

Fulcherton approaches from the kitchen with three covered trays stacked in his hands.

FULCHERTON

Our chef robot is on the fritz and most of the human help ascended during the rapture, but I still remember how to make your favorite!

He sets the plate down in front of Terry and unveils it in dramatic fashion--

It's a plate of broken lightbulbs.

FULCHERTON (CONT'D)

Sloppy Joes! And for your friends--

Two more unveilings. A slab of raw beef sits in front of Melvin, and a bottle of heavy cream sits in front of Chad.

FULCHERTON (CONT'D)

Radish Rosettes! Smothered pork chops! Dig in!

Fulcherton hops up and sits crosslegged on the table.

Terry nudges the broken glass around his plate with a fork.

Melvin doesn't hesitate. He picks up a chunk with his fingers and seems to enjoy it.

Chad unscrews the lid of the bottle and rears back at the disgusting smell.

FULCHERTON (CONT'D)

What, you don't like the pork chops? I grew the apples for the applesauce in that very orchard!

He gestures to the window.

Outside, not an orchard, but a flaming pile of tires.

CHAD

I ate before I got here.

FULCHERTON

That's quite rude. I slaved away in the kitchen. Have a bite, at least.

Chad looks to Melvin. He still eats. *How?*

He looks to Terry, who just glares at him.

TERRY

Have a bite, friend.

CHAD

It's a liquid.

TERRY

So have a sip.

Chad braces himself as he brings the bottle to his lips...

...And takes a hearty gulp. *Dear God.*

CHAD

Would you excuse me for a moment?

Chad stands and runs to the nearest door. He slams it shut behind him.

Then, after just a second, the sound of retching.

TERRY

You guys can hear it when someone pukes from the other room? Oh my God, I'm so sorry.

FULCHERTON

And what about you, Sam? You haven't touched your food either.

Terry looks down at the broken lightbulbs.

TERRY

You know, Pops, I'm feeling a bit queasy. Do you remember where I kept my secret stash of antacids?

FULCHERTON

My boy, I flushed them all away.

TERRY

What? Why did you do that?

FULCHERTON

You told me to, of course.

Terry hangs his head. Melvin does too, taking a bite of his raw meat in sadness.

FULCHERTON (CONT'D)

But I do still have your personal remedy. It's in the greenhouse.

Terry and Melvin perk up again.

INT. FULCHERTON'S MANSION - GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fulcherton throws open the door and he, Terry, and Melvin all pour inside--

The entire place is filled to the brim with plants. All the exact same flower.

The one Lily always wore in her hair. *Carpasicasins*.

Terry's jaw drops.

MELVIN

No shot! The folic acid in the *Carpasicasin* buds!

FULCHERTON

Exactly correct, Sam's friend. Not only does it have a wonderful color, but the effects upon mastication are astounding.

Fulcherton grabs a flower and rips it off. He tries to bite down on it, but without teeth, he can only gum it.

Terry steps forward and grabs one of the flowers, plucking it from its stem. He runs it through his thumb and forefinger, just like with Lily's.

MELVIN

This place is rad! These plants are sooo hard to keep alive.

FULCHERTON

They require much care. Sam has this room temperature and humidity controlled to mirror the ecology of the one place the flower is native--

MELVIN

Bandarbunga!

FULCHERTON

Precisely! You're a smart one, Sam's friend.

TERRY

Bandarbunga?

MELVIN

Some tiny island in the Pacific. That's the only place you can find any, they're scarce all over the rest of the world.

TERRY

Wait a second, weren't these things banned by the FDA?

SHADOWMAN (O.S.)

You're goddamn right.

The Shadowman stands in the darkness of the doorway, his familiar glasses glinting. He steps out into the light--

--Revealing himself as none other than Chad.

He whips out a gun and a badge with that familiar snake/scale/beaker logo. It's the crest of the FDA.

CHAD (SHADOWMAN)
Agent Chad Poindexter, FDA. Hands
above your heads, gentlemen.

CRASH! SMASH!

Glass from the ceiling rains down on the party as four SWAT officers rappel to the floor.

The trio complies with Chad's demand.

MELVIN
Not cool, dude.

TERRY
This whole time?

CHAD
Of course this whole time. You
thought we just happened to run
into you at that diner? "What a
coincidence." Give me a break.

FULCHERTON
GUARDS, SEIZE THEM!

CRASH! SMASH! (*again!*)

More glass from the ceiling as the two security drones from the dock descend.

Chad takes out the same high-tech remote he used on Lily and presses a button.

The little disks stuck to the drones chirp in response--

--BAM! KABOOM!

The two security drones explode in a fiery blaze.

Their chassis clatter to the ground.

Chad slings out a pair of handcuffs and slaps them on Fulcherton behind his back.

CHAD
You got the right to remain silent.

FULCHERTON
What am I being arrested for?

CHAD
Trying to kill FDA officers with
armed security drones.

FULCHERTON
Oh, right. Drat.

CHAD
Alright, bag 'em up, boys.

The SWAT officers each take out a burlap sack, yank the flowers out by the roots, and stuff them inside.

FULCHERTON
My Carpasicasins!

CHAD
See what I mean, boys? The sting of a lifetime. And some of you wanted to bag the girl for a single count of possession.

TERRY
The girl? You mean Lily?

CHAD
Don't worry about your little girlfriend. She's off the hook for her cooperation. And you, Mr... Are, was it?

TERRY
Yeah?

CHAD
You're free to go. For now. But we'll be watching you.

The SWAT officers finish up with the last of the flowers and rehook themselves to their lines.

Chad walks over and an officer clips him to a line, too. Fulcherton is clipped to another guy.

MELVIN
What about me?

CHAD
You're free to go, too. But I will need to step down as Chemistry Club co-chair. Sorry about that.

Chad motions to be lifted up. He, Fulcherton, and the other SWAT officers disappear into the ceiling.

Terry and Melvin are left alone in the aftermath.

The place looks sad and empty without the bright pink flowers all about the place.

MELVIN

(pause)

Seriously?! Now I have to plan the winter formal all by myself?!

TERRY

You'll have plenty of time to do that on the flight to Bandarbunga.

Terry takes the last flower out of his pocket, the same one he swiped earlier. *They missed it.*

MELVIN

You dirty dog! Awesome!

TERRY

But first, I have to get someone.

Melvin looks puzzled. Then he realizes.

INT. LILY'S APARTMENT - HALL - DAY

Excited, Terry approaches the door, two plane tickets in hand. He gives it a knock.

TERRY

Lily! It's Terry!

After a moment, the door opens--

--A YOUNG WOMAN in a wheelchair sits before him. Terry is taken aback.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hello?

TERRY

I'm sorry, Is Lily there?

YOUNG WOMAN

She doesn't live here anymore. I'm subletting the apartment from her.

TERRY

Do you know where she lives now?

YOUNG WOMAN

No idea. But if you find her...

She ducks behind the door and pulls out a big stack of mail, mostly junk and magazines.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
Thanks in advance. And good luck!

She hands it over to Terry and shuts him out.

He rifles through the magazines as he thinks...

...Then it hits him.

EXT. UW CAMPUS - MALL - DAY

College students bustle about, carrying books and backpacks. Bros play a game of frisbee on the quad.

Terry wanders around with a goofy campus map for freshmen. Finally, he spots it.

The massive, red brick UW LAW LIBRARY.

INT. UW CAMPUS - LAW LIBRARY - DAY

Rows of full bookshelves, hanging lights above them.

Lily sits in a study nook corner with a pair of STUDENTS that both look like they could be middle schoolers.

They're studying together with open books in front of them.

BOY STUDENT
Title four, chapter sixteen,
section eighty. The statute of
limitations is three years for
personal injury. I could sue you.

GIRL STUDENT
It's not a "personal injury" that I
called you a dork.

BOY STUDENT
It injured both my mind and my
emotions. And it's certainly
defamation at the very least.

Lily tries to tune them out until the girl taps on her shoulder and directs her attention to--

--Terry, approaching the table like a creeper.

GIRL STUDENT

Do you want me to look up the statutes for restraining orders?

LILY

No thanks. I'll handle this.

Lily gets up from the table and meets Terry halfway.

TERRY

Please don't be mad at me.

LILY

Terry-- Oh my God, what happened to your teeth!?

TERRY

I found the secret ingredient.

Despite herself, Lily gets a little excited. Terry smiles and pulls out her flower.

LILY

The Carpasicasins...

TERRY

Melvin and I are going to this Pacific island nation to get more. I already bought your ticket. I want the first thing I eat again to be your cooking.

Lily thinks for a moment. She gestures at his chompers.

LILY

If you keep taking the stuff, how much more of your body is going to turn into that?

TERRY

That doesn't matter! It's worth it if I can eat! I wasn't enough for you when I couldn't eat and I was scared. I was an asshole and I'm really sorry. But with this stuff, I can finally eat! I can finally be enough for you!

Lily hangs her head.

TERRY (CONT'D)

What, what's wrong?

LILY

You were always enough.

TERRY

Not without the stuff.

LILY

Yes without the stuff! I can't go with you. I'm back in school now, I'm caring for Alberta--

TERRY

What? Is she alright?

LILY

She had a fall, but she's fine. But that's not the point. Even if I could come with you, I don't want to anymore. I'm sorry, but I don't.

TERRY

What changed?

LILY

Nothing. In some sick way, you were actually right. If we got together it would never work. But it's not because of whatever dumb reason you tried to tell me. It's not fair to me the way you don't think you're worthy of love. I don't want to have to console you every time that you don't think you deserve to be with me. I just can't do it.

TERRY

But you won't have to once I have the stuff.

LILY

But I will! Because then it won't be your vomit, it'll be your teeth, or it'll be something else. Anything you'll make up to justify why you're not good enough. If you can't see that you're good enough on your own, It won't work.

Lily turns around and rejoins her study group.

Terry pulls out the big stack of magazines and puts them on the desk beside Lily.

He sets the Carpasicasin from Fulcherton's mansion on top.

TERRY

I'm sorry. I'll leave you alone.

He holds his head high as he walks off--

--Lily quickly grabs at her papers, looking for something. She finds it and stuffs it in an envelope.

She stands and runs to follow Terry.

LILY

Terry, wait!

Terry faces her with a big, optimistic smile.

She hands him the envelope.

LILY (CONT'D)

I was writing you a real goodbye.
Open this when you're ready. It's
okay if that's never.

She turns back once more and rejoins her study group again as Terry inspects the envelope.

It's addressed to him, from Lily. It's clear that Lily wrote "Love, Lily" but erased the word "Love."

Terry holds the envelope for a long time.

He looks across the room to Lily.

She doesn't look back at him.

SERIES OF SHOTS - TAKEOFF

The door to an airplane seals shut with a PSSHT!

A flagger waves a pair of orange guiding sticks.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT with vitiligo mimics blowing up an inflatable life vest.

A seatbelt snaps together with a CLACK.

The wheel of the plane spins away as the craft lifts off.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Out the window, clouds litter the horizon. Serene.

The sun hits Terry's face as he gazes out.

The Flight Attendant taps him on the shoulder and hands him a packet of pretzels and a cocktail napkin with a nod.

He nods back and sets the snack down.

The cocktail napkin has a print on it that resembles the Carpasicasin flower.

Terry rubs the paper between his fingers.

He looks over at Melvin in the window seat, wearing a big goofy pink neck pillow.

Melvin's tray table is stacked high with cheap snacks. He munches on the spread, happy as a clam.

Terry reaches into his pocket and pulls out Lily's envelope.

After a moment of consideration--

He rips it open and pulls the letter out.

LILY (V.O.)
(reading)
Bread. Milk. Eggs. Shredded Cheese.

Wait, what?

It's a grocery list.

INT. GROCERY STORE - SAME

Lily walks down an aisle with a basket in hand. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out her list--

And realizes that it's not her list after all.

It starts: "Dear Terry..."

LILY
(sotto)
God dammit.

She buries her head in her hands.

INT. AIRPLANE - SAME

Terry stares off into the middle distance.

Then he leaps from his seat and approaches the front. The Flight Attendant rushes to stop him.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sir, please be seated. The fastened
seatbelt sign is still on.

TERRY
I need you to turn the plane
around. Now.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Excuse me?

TERRY
I need you to turn the plane around
and let me off.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Is there an emergency?

TERRY
Yes! I need... I need to see
someone right now.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(rolls eyes)
Sir, please sit down. The only way
we're turning this plane around is
if someone is dead. Or at the very
least, violently ill.

The Flight Attendant goes to attend to another passenger.

Terry steels himself.

He turns to Melvin and grabs a snack bag at random and pours
it upside-down into his open mouth.

MELVIN
Hey, bro! Save some for me!

TERRY
(chewing)
You'll have it back in a second.

He grabs another and does the same thing. Chews. Swallows. As
much as he possibly can.

MELVIN
You know, if you asked first, I
would've gladly given you some--

BLARF!

Terry spews all over him. Thick, chunky, and orange.

Terry catches his breath.

The sick drips off Melvin's nose. He wipes it off with an open palm.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

BRO! What the--
(heave)
Oh, God...

Melvin grabs his sick bag and opens it just in time to unload into it.

It leaks out of the paper it's so full.

The Flight Attendant approaches as Terry grabs another bag of snacks and chows down.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

What is going on here--

Terry projectile vomits right at the Flight Attendant's face.

She screams and some of it gets in her mouth.

The rest ricochets off her face and splatters all over the people in the row in front of them.

An elderly woman and an infant child get the brunt of it.

The spew finally stops. The entire cabin is frozen in shock.

TERRY

Does this count as an emergency?

The Flight Attendant struggles to open her eyes with the thick cake of hurl over her eyelids.

EXT. AIRPLANE - MOMENTS LATER

The plane leans to one side as it pulls a U-turn.

EXT. SEATTLE - FREMONT - ALBERTA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lily carries a dozen grocery bags stuffed to the brim up the front steps and through the door.

INT. ALBERTA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lily muscles her way in and sets the stuff down on the kitchen island.

She starts to unpack when she spots--

A bunch of used pots and pans in the sink. *Not hers.*

She abandons the groceries and walks to the--

INT. ALBERTA'S HOUSE - PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Barnabus, fast asleep on the sofa, TV on at a muted volume.
The crossword puzzle show.

Lily leaves him be and makes her way to--

INT. ALBERTA'S HOUSE - ALBERTA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lily peeks through the ajar door.

Inside, Alberta lies in bed. She sips spoonfuls from a bowl
of French onion soup on a tray before her.

Terry sits in a chair across the room from her.

ALBERTA

This warms me right up. I've missed
your cooking.

TERRY

I've missed you.

ALBERTA

So, how was it?

TERRY

How was what?

Alberta just shoots him a look.

TERRY (CONT'D)

It was fine. Hectic. A lot of sweat
and tears to get almost to the end
just to turn right around again.

ALBERTA

Why?

TERRY

Because I can't be without her. I
don't care if it means that I still
have to be an incomplete, half-
person. I'd rather be that *with* her
than a full person *without* her.

Lily leaves and heads back down the hallway.

She squeaks on a floorboard and Terry turns his head at the noise. *Was that...?*

ALBERTA

Do you remember what I said to you when I first gave you the bottle?

TERRY

Something about the Wizard of Oz.

ALBERTA

Remember the ending? Dorothy made it to the Emerald City and found out that the thing she needed from the start, she had it all along.

TERRY

And now I have the flower.

ALBERTA

No! It was never the flower.

TERRY

Then what?

ALBERTA

It was Lily.

TERRY

But without the flower, I don't deserve her.

ALBERTA

You do! You don't need anything to deserve her. You're enough. You make each other enough. *Together.*

And at that, something clicks in Terry's brain.

ALBERTA (CONT'D)

There you are. You finally see it.

Terry smiles. Alberta cups his cheek.

INT. ALBERTA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Terry walks in and spots Lily. She leans on the counter with a bowl of leftover French onion in her hands.

Lily takes a long sluurp of Terry's soup.

TERRY

Good?

LILY

It always is.

Another long pause.

TERRY

I think you have something for me?

Lily chuckles and pulls the note out of her pocket.

She hands it over and Terry opens it up and starts to read. He reads it for a long time, with the utmost care.

Lily watches him as he reads.

When he's done, he folds it back up.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I liked what you said in there about wanting to remain friends.

LILY

I'm glad.

TERRY

But I don't want to remain friends. I love you.

LILY

You can't love me until you love yourself.

TERRY

You're wrong. You show me that I'm worth loving. It's always been you.

Terry heads right past her and opens up the fridge.

He takes a look around inside and then pulls out a big pie tin with quiche inside.

He cuts out a slice and plates it. He tosses it in the microwave and pushes easy minute.

LILY

What are you doing?

Terry doesn't respond.

He grabs the flower out from behind her ear. But instead of eating it, he throws it down the garbage disposal.

TERRY

It was never the flower. It was
always you, Lily.

DING! The microwave timer goes off.

Terry pulls out the plate and turns--

Lily is there with a fork extended out to him.

LILY

I didn't forget the silverware this
time.

He smiles as he takes the utensil.

Without any hesitation, he takes a bite.

He makes a weird face. Oh no--

He stifles a BURP and taps on his chest with his fist.

TERRY

Sorry. Heartburn.

He takes a breath and eats another bite.

And another.

And he keeps it down.

Lily watches in awe as Terry eats the entire slice right
before her eyes.

He's a bit of a slob, but when he's done he grabs a napkin
and wipes his mouth.

No vomit. No puke. Nothing.

TERRY (CONT'D)

That was the best thing I've ever
tasted in my life.

Lily and Terry embrace, tearful and happy.

And they kiss.

And it's the most wonderful thing in the world.

LILY

I love you.

TERRY

I love you too.

(pause)

But I do think this could use a
little more salt.

Lily's face falls. But then she smiles.

They share a big hearty laugh and kiss again.

INT. ALBERTA'S HOUSE - ALBERTA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alberta sets aside the last of her French onion soup.

She perks up and sniffs as an aroma wafts through the room.

INT. ALBERTA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Alberta peeks around the corner and spots--

Terry and Lily cooking together.

Terry sears and salts a pair of chicken breasts as Lily
squeezes lemon and stirs a simmering cream sauce.

Terry's movements are still precise, but there's more of a
loose flow now. Lily's movements are still loose and flowing,
but there's more of a precision now.

They complete each other.

Barnabus hobbles in and rubs his tired eyes.

BARNABUS

What smells so good?

Alberta takes his hand as they watch the younger couple.

In love.

FADE OUT.